The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* August *will be noticed in the* September *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th September *in the* October *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that some definite steps have been taken towards the preparation of an authorised Life of the Queen. The materials have been placed in the hands of a lady in whom Her Majesty has full confidence, and it is understood that some progress has been made in arranging them.

Mr. A. W. W. Dale, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, has undertaken to write the biography of his distinguished father, Dr. R. W. Dale of Birmingham. He has received an abundance of material, much of it from unexpected quarters. He will be unable to commence the actual writing of the book until September. It may probably be looked for in October of next year.

We understand that a biography of the late Professor Robertson Smith has been undertaken by one of his most intimate friends.

The editor of one of the most popular and widely circulated of English magazines has resigned his position. His successor has not yet been definitely appointed.

We understand that among the candidates for the Chair of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh is Mr. William Sharp. Mr. W. E. Henley is also mentioned, but we believe he is not a candidate.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has taken up his permanent abode in London, in a house in Gloucester Road, South Kensington

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has after all decided that he will not go to India this autumn. He is at present staying with his father at Tisbury in Wiltshire.

A German translation of Mr. Balfour's 'The Foundations of Belief' will be brought out almost immediately by a well-known Leipzig firm of publishers.

Mr. Hepburn, 'Gabriel Setoun,' has completed a volume of child poems.

The Omar Khayyam Club, which increases in strength, held its July dinner at the Burford Bridge Hotel, and was honoured by the presence of Mr. George Meredith, who came in immediately after dinner. Mr. Edward Clodd, the President of the Club, occupied the chair, and in a very felicitous speech expressed the gratitude of all present to Mr. Meredith. In a very graceful and exquisite little speech Mr. Meredith made due acknowledgment, and mentioned the interesting fact that this was the first occasion on which he had ever been on his legs in public. The great novelist looks well, though slightly infirm, and his deafness has been absurdly exaggerated in the recent newspaper paragraphs. In the course of the evening Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. George Gissing made acknowledgments to Mr. Meredith of the kindness they had received from him in connection with their first publications. Mr. Meredith was then, as is well-known, reader for Chapman and Hall, and in that capacity he may be said to have "discovered," to use the detestable phrase of the day, both of these eminent writers. Mr. Hardy said that if it had not been for Mr. Meredith's encouragement he would never have embraced a literary career. Mr. George Gissing said that when he met Mr. Meredith he did not know his name. He knew him only as the reader for Messrs. Chapman and Hall, but he should never forget the amazing knowledge which Mr. Meredith showed of his manuscript. We believe there is some prospect that this first book of Mr. Gissing's, which was much admired by such an authority as Mr. Hardy—we mean 'The Unclassed'—will be republished.

In the course of conversation, Mr. Meredith spoke enthusiastically of the remarkable article on Eleanora Duse contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* recently in the "Wares of Autolycus" column. The article, we are able to say, was written by Mrs. Meynell, who has some thoughts of collecting a few of her contributions to this column in volume form. He also expressed the highest admiration for the brilliant contributions of Mr. L. F. Austin to the *Sketch*.

Mr. Unwin has ready for early autumn a reprint in one volume of Mr. Yeats' three books of verse which are now out of print. The early poems are nearly all rewritten, and "The Countess Kathleen" has a new end and a new beginning, and is considerably longer than before. Mr. Granville Fell, whose water-colour, "The Virgin Mary's Toumbler" attracted some attention at Mr. Dent's "black and white" exhibition last year, has done a cover and title-page design. The book will run to about 280 pages, and is printed by Constable.

The next book of Mr. Elkin Mathews' 'Diversi Colores' series will be "Poems" by Mr. Ernest Dowson, and if it be all as good as Mr. Dowson's contributions to the two volumes of 'The Rhymers' Club,' will be remarkable indeed. Mr. Dowson was a contributor to *The Hobby Horse*, and his work has the melancholy, the refinement, and the sincerity which seem to mark all who contributed to that curious organ of later pre-Raphaelitism.

Mr. Frank Mathews, whose 'Rising of the Moon' went through two or three editions a couple of years ago, has just corrected the proofs of a novel about the Irish Rebellion of '98. Those who have seen it say it is stronger than the earlier book.

Mr. Hinkson has ready for the autumn a volume of miracle plays called 'The Childhood of our Lord.'

One of the next volumes of "The New Irish Library" will be 'Life of Patrick Sarsfield,' by Dr. Todhunter. Dr. Todhunter has discovered in Paris a number of unpublished letters by the Irish rebel leader. His book will also be remarkable for containing a more exhaustive account of the Battle of the Boyne than has been given by any previous historian.

We understand that Mr. H. D. Lowry has finished a one-volume novel, to which he has given the title 'A Man of Moods.'

Messrs. Hutchinson have in preparation another novel on the marriage question. It is by Agnes Farrell, and is to be entitled 'Lady Levan.'

Mr. Walter H. Page has resigned the editorship of the *Forum*. The price of the *Forum* was lately very much reduced, and it is understood that the circulation has increased. It is doubtful, however, whether the great reduction of prices in American periodicals will be found pecuniarily profitable.

Mr. F. A. Brockhaus, the well-known publisher of Leipzig, intimates that the two senior partners in the house, Dr. Eduard and Rudolf Brockhaus, will retire from business at the end of this month, after forty-one and thirty-two years of partnership. The management will be assumed by their eldest sons, Albert and Rudolf Brockhaus, who for fifteen and six years respectively have been active co-partners of the firm. No change will take place in carrying on the business.

Mrs. Margaret Deland, who is now in Europe, has been giving the finishing touches to a new novel.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder has arrived in London from America for a few days. It is interesting to note that Mr. Gilder has been connected with the *Century Magazine* from its start, and that will be twenty-five years ago in November.

Mr. Unwin has in preparation for issue towards the end of next month a cheap edition of Dr. Horton's 'Revelation of the Bible.' This work has already gone through two editions in library form, and he intends issuing the reprint at 3s. 6d.

We are glad to learn that Messrs. Wyllie and Son, of Aberdeen, are to publish "James Melvin, Rector of the Grammar School of Aberdeen, a Sketch by David Masson; with appendices." This article, commemorating a famous Latinist, and a man of strong character, is perhaps the very best thing Professor Masson ever wrote. In a prefatory note Professor Masson says:—"The following sketch appeared originally in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1864, and is now reprinted for the special occasion, and in the special circumstances, explained in the appendices. These, which I have had the opportunity of reading in proof, have interested me much, not only as showing how many other still living persons remember Melvin vividly, and share my affection for him, but also as containing particulars and anecdotes about him not known to me before. The volume has been edited and seen through the press by Mr. P. J. Anderson, Librarian of the University of Aberdeen; and it is peculiarly fitting that this service of respect to the memory of a recent Aberdonian scholar should have been performed by a man who has the largest and most loving knowledge of all the older centuries of the intellectual history of the North of Scotland."

The death is announced of Lieut.-Col. Alexander Ewing, whose first wife was Juliana Horatia Gatty, the famous author of 'The Story of a Short Life.' Lieut.-Col. Ewing was himself a notable man. In an article in the *Aberdeen Free Press*, by Mr. William Carnie, it is mentioned that in the fifties Ewing began law in a firm—Messrs. J. & A. Blaikie—then well-known over the whole north of Scotland. "But it was not in this connection that 'Alick' (as he continued to be fondly called) won popularity and held special place. Daily to be seen in Union Street, his slim, daintily-dressed figure, cane in hand, claimed admiring attention from the initiated, for, as he appeared at concerts, he early obtained and justly sustained the reputation of being the most talented young musician in the city." He composed a tune which was published in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' and is sometimes called "Ewing," and at other times "Argyle." It is generally set by editors to the verses "Jerusalem the Golden," also it perhaps brings out with finer feeling the section of the same Latin hymn beginning "For thee, O dear, dear country." Ewing eventually decided to join the Commissariat Department of the army, and went out to Constantinople in 1855, during the Crimean war. He afterwards served in China and South Australia. He returned to England in 1866, and in 1867 married Miss Gatty. Sailing for Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1870, he returned to England and remained nine years in home stations; afterwards going to Ceylon and Malta. In 1883 he finally returned to England, and was stationed at Taunton till 1889, when he retired with a rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. After the death of his first wife in 1885, he married Elizabeth Margaret, the second daughter of the Rev. Anthony Cumby, Vicar of Bolton-on-Swale, Yorkshire, who survives him.

A friend writes:—

"Lieut.-Col. Ewing was a true Scotchman, alike in his virtues and failings. Under a somewhat dour and imperious exterior he carried the warmest heart. Never was man more true to the few real friends he made or more loyal to his country. It was a treat to hear him relapse into his native dialect as he crossed the border in travelling north; or to hear him read such Scottish tales as 'Mansie Waugh' aloud. His powers of work and of grasping a subject with rapidity were so great that his friends often felt as if he understood what they were thinking of before they spoke, and possessed that power of thought-reading that is due to second sight. The leisure time of his later years was filled up with acquiring skill in photography and Orthic shorthand writing; with learning to play the saxaphone in addition to the instruments he had learnt in his youth; and with pursuing all the interests implied in the use of the microscope or telescope, and the study of biology and meteorology. During last autumn he lectured on Browning's poetry, and he was ever a ready helper in promoting all schemes for university extension and

technical education in Taunton. His loss is deeply regretted there by many of his neighbours, young and old, who never applied to him in vain for help and sympathy on any intellectual subject. Colonel Ewing translated two standard German works into English—'Flowers, Fruit and Thorn Pieces,' by Jean Paul Richter; and 'The Serapion Brethren,' in two volumes, by Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann. The translations were published in Bohn's Standard Library."

The next volume in the Autonym Library will be 'Kaffir Stories,' by W. C. Scully, whose poems met with a very favourable reception in England last year. These stories give a very vivid picture of the South African native. Mr. Scully is doing for South Africa what Mr. Louis Becke has done for the South Sea Islands.

In the Pseudonym Library the August volume will be 'A White Umbrella,' by Sarnia. This author's former volume, entitled 'Soul Shapes,' created very considerable interest some years ago, and her work in the "Wares of Autolycus" columns of the *Pall Mall* is much appreciated.

Mr. Unwin has another little volume in preparation for publication next month, entitled 'Wilmot's Child,' a domestic incident, which will be issued under the pseudonym of "Atey Nine."

Mr. Robert H. Sherard, author of 'Rogues,' 'By Right, Not Law,' and other novels, is at present engaged on a new story entitled, 'Uncle Christopher's Treasure,' which deals with the tribulations of a literary man under the most exceptional circumstances. The scene is laid in the former English province of Aquitaine, and bound up with the plot is a romantic love-story. The author hopes to demonstrate with this novel, as with 'Rogues' and 'By Right, Not Law,' that analysis is not incompatible with popular interest. The book will be published in the autumn.

Messrs. Remington announce for publication in autumn a volume of Reminiscences by Mr. Henry Russell, under title of his most popular song, "Cheer! Boys, Cheer!" Mr. Russell, who left the platform thirty years ago, is in his eighty-third year, so that his recollections extend back nearly to the beginning of the century. He was associated with Kean and Elliston, sung before George the Fourth, studied under Rossini with Balfe, and knew most of the celebrated singers and musicians of that time, Malibran, Bellini, De Beriot, Paganini, and others. His acquaintance with writers has been almost as wide. We believe he was travelling in Italy with Bulwer Lytton during the writing of 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' Mr. Russell is the father of Mr. Clark Russell.

The new story which Sir Walter Besant has written for publication in *Chambers' Journal* in the early part of the new year is to be entitled 'The Master Craftsman.' It will be published in book form by Sir Walter's publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, on the first of May next.

Mr. Unwin has completed the first half-dozen volumes in the New Irish Library, and has, we understand, in his printers' hands at present four more volumes. They are as follows:—'Life of Patrick Sarsfield,' by Dr. J. Todhunter; 'Owen Roe O'Neill,' by J. F. Taylor, Q.C.; 'Swift in Ireland,' by Richard Ashe-King, M.A.; 'A Short Life of Thomas Davis,' by Sir Charles Gavan-Duffy. These will all be issued during the coming season.

It is interesting to note that Baron Tauchnitz expects to publish almost immediately in his continental series Sir Walter Besant's last novel, 'Beyond the Dreams of Avarice.' Sir Walter has for the last few years issued his novels on the Continent in the English Library.

Mr. Rider Haggard evidently shares with Mr. Rudyard Kipling his appreciation of the work of that rising young author, Mr. Guy Boothby. He has just purchased for use in the *African Review* Mr. Boothby's new novel, 'The Beautiful White Devil.'

Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet), from whose pen the public have had nothing new for so long a time, is at present staying at Clovelly, and is hard at work on a new three-volume novel. This must not be confused with her recently completed story originally entitled 'The Power of the Dog,' and now called 'Leversedges,' on account of the previous name having already been used.

We hear that Mr. Stanley Weyman has made up his mind that his summer holiday this year shall extend from now until January. Mr. Weyman has not had a holiday for some time, and is in much need of a rest.

Mr. Geoffrey Drage has for some time been engaged in writing an exhaustive treatise on the 'Industrial Condition of the Working Classes.'

Messrs. Longmans and Co. will publish Mr. Stanley Weyman's new romance, 'The Red Cockade,' on the first of December next.

Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson commence a new serial story in the August bank holiday number of *Pearson's Weekly*. It is entitled 'Guilty Gold,' and is from the pen of Mr. Headon Hill.

Mr. Unwin has secured the English rights of a new detective story, by the author of the 'Leavenworth Case,' entitled 'The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock.' It will be issued in the Autonym form, but not in that series, and will be published early in August.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish Mr. Bret Harte's 'Clarence' on the 5th of September.

Miss Josephine Preston Peabody, whose poem, "Isolation," in the May *Atlantic Monthly*, has attracted much attention, is still a young girl, and a student at a ladies' college.

Mrs. Marie Hutcheson, who wrote 'Brunell the Conscript,' has finished another novel dealing with Florentine studio life, which Messrs. Hutchinson will publish under the title 'Bardossa's Daughter.'

Mr. David H. Parry's volume, 'Britain's Roll of Glory,' which Messrs. Cassell are to publish in the autumn, will be a unique record of our heroes. Although Mr. Parry departed from his original intention of entering upon the military profession, he has never forsaken study in it; and in addition he is an accomplished artist, to whom his fellow painters

frequently appeal for advice in matters of uniform and military accessories. Mr. Parry's acquaintance with soldiers whose heroic deeds have made their names household words is intimate; and there is no one better able than he to write enthusiastically of their actions or more appreciatively of their ups and downs after leaving the service.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. W. R. Hutchinson, youngest brother of Mr. G. T. Hutchinson, of Paternoster Row. Having finished one of several business journeys which he had taken through Australia and New Zealand for his firm of Hutchinson & Co., Mr. W. R. Hutchinson left Adelaide for home by the P. & O. ss. *Arcadia*. He was then in good health, but shortly after leaving Colombo became ill, and on the 15th inst. died of dysentery when a few hours from Suez. He was well known and much respected by all the leading booksellers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, as well as the Australasian colonies, and his death will be much regretted.

A hunting novel by Mr. H. Cumberland Bentley is announced by Messrs. Remington for the autumn. It is entitled 'A Dream's Fulfilment.'

Mr. W. Davenport Adams has undertaken to write for *Great Thoughts* a series of papers on What to Read: Suggestions for a Course of Reading. Mr. Davenport Adams very ably conducts the literary department of a leading London evening newspaper.

It has been extensively rumoured that Mr. Hall Caine's new novel goes on a royalty of two shillings a copy into the hands of a publishing firm into which fresh energy has been lately infused. We understand that this is not the case, and that Mr. Hall Caine's next book will be published by Mr. Heinemann.

Max Nordau announces that he has no intention of publishing additional work on degeneration. He is at present writing a novel, also a drama for the Lessing Theatre in Berlin.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

JUNE 24 to JULY 20, 1895.

In the last report a hope was expressed that the lowest point of depression in the trade had been reached. This hope has been realised, for there has been from the date above written a noticeable improvement. This is the more appreciated as the prospect of a dissolution of Parliament usually brings business almost to a standstill. The volume of trade generally is about normal, but the detail is greater than ever. So much for Home trade. Abroad English literature is still in as good demand as ever, judging from orders received from all parts of the earth, and sometimes from very remote parts indeed. Who would expect an order for a work on electricity from a petty potentate in Java?

A considerable amount of Election literature has been sold, principally of the pamphlet and leaflet class, with a few standard treatises on social and economic questions.

The number of new books and new editions is considerably less than last month, although many excellent works have appeared—works that are likely to live.

The various examinations held for posts in the army have brought into existence a literature of its own. Manuals dealing with the knowledge required upon taking corporal's stripes and other grades for non-commissioned officers, as well as handbooks for officers, are in constant demand.

The magazine world jogs on about as usual. The most noticeable feature is the continued favour in which *Chambers' Journal* is held. Considering the many illustrated periodicals now issued, it is refreshing to find that there is still a public that can value good letterpress. Several handbooks dealing with Stock Exchange transactions and customs have found a ready sale during the last month.

Attention has frequently been drawn in this column to the fact that works on Natural History are always welcomed. This remark for the moment applies to Mr. C. J. Cornish's 'Wild England,' following his delightful book on the inmates of the "Zoo."

S. R. Crockett, Ian Maclaren, S. J. Weyman, and Conan Doyle appear to be the favourites in the fiction department. Their books continue in steady demand at a time of the year when, as a rule, 6s. novels do not form a very important item in trade.

The 'Family Story Teller' appears to be the standard seaside literature, flanked by the ubiquitous 'Penny Stories.'

Appended is a list of leading publications in demand at the moment of writing. It must be borne in mind that the sale of such standard favourites as Braddon, Dickens, Scott, Besant, Black, Blackmore, and many others is as good as ever, but in this list are included the more recent issues. The same remark applies equally to all branches of literature.

Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The Master. By I. Zangwill. 6s.
Into the Highways, etc. By F. F. Montresor. 6s.
The Honour of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. 6s.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
Zoraida. By W. Le Queux. 6s.
Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
When Valmond came to Pontiac. By G. Parker. 6s.
Gerald Eversley's Friendship. By J. E. C. Welldon. 6s.
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. By C. Doyle. 3s. 6d.
The Woman who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
Fifty Years. By Rev. Harry Jones. 4s.
Duncan's Investment and Speculation. 2s. 6d. net.
Li Hungchang. By Prof. Douglas. 3s. 6d.
Lord John Russell. By S. J. Reid. 3s. 6d.
Wild England of To-day. By C. J. Cornish. 12s. 6d.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 5s. net.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
June 29, 1895.—Home trade decidedly improved and fairly maintained. Foreign and colonial unchanged.
July 6, „ —Business continued steady, falling slightly towards the close. Colonial trade a little heavier, foreign unaltered.
„ 13, „ —The week opened much better, but business dropped later. Colonial improvement maintained, with foreign trade steady.
„ 20, „ —Altogether a better week, keeping up fairly throughout. Foreign and colonial trade about as last week.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

I TRUST that when the much discussed School of Literature comes into existence, provision, abundant provision, will be made for a Chair of Criticism. I am quite in earnest about the matter. I attach great importance to what the critics say, when they appear to me to speak in good faith and with due comprehension. One has equal contempt for the superficial utterances of certain so-called critics who see in the writing of an article of criticism on a book only the opportunity of displaying their wit, their pungency—in one word, of spreading out their tails. Whenever I read a criticism, I try to learn something from it; but as a rule I learn nothing. I read that so-and-so is ungrammatical, but the grammatical error is rarely pointed out; or that such and such a passage is of French construction, without any indication of how it should read in English construction. I want the critics, as the French say, to dot their *i*'s. They rarely, if ever, do so. One wishes to learn from those who profess to teach, and one hardly ever does so. This being so, I have at present no very great respect for many critics, greatly as I respect their calling.

José Maria de Herèdia has of late been greatly annoyed by a Marseilles madman, who has been labouring under the idea that the sympathetic Academician had placed an electric battery in his (the M. M.'s) inside, and the result was that whatever de Herèdia did he also had to do. Of this he complained, though for my part I should be very glad of any appliance which should enable me to write such sonnets as does José Maria de Herèdia. The madman, however, complained, and pestered the Academician with letters. As these were left unanswered, the madman set out for Paris, having previously advised M. de Herèdia that he was coming to see him, in order that he should remove the obnoxious electric battery. De Herèdia informed the police, and the madman is now in the "special infirmary" of the Depôt prison.

José Maria de Herèdia is one of the most voluble talkers to be met with in Parisian society. He reminds one of Dumas père, and like him has mulatto blood in his veins. And, like Dumas père, his conversation is always so interesting that one is content to listen. His cultus for literature is exemplary—outside of his art there is nothing that he cares for. He has a great veneration for the French Academy, and will argue in its favour with Alphonse Daudet for hours together. Daudet, however, always shakes his head, and will not be convinced.

Emile Zola has written about one-third of 'Rome,' and expects to have finished it towards the end of January next year, at the rate of four pages of manuscript a day. He says that the book is giving him great trouble, as it involves him in so much reading, and he gave me a most formidable list of histories, books of reference, and theological works which he has to assimilate for the purposes of his novel. How far all this assimilation will enhance the interest of 'Rome' as a novel remains to be seen; in the meanwhile it may be noted that Zola himself is pleased with the book as far as it has gone, and as far as it is planned out. It will be one of his longest works, if not the longest. It will be published in *Le Journal* first of all in serial form. The proprietor of that journal, Fernand Xau, it may be remembered, offered Zola, during his stay in London, and before one line of 'Lourdes' was written, a sum of £20,000, money down, if he would assign to him the entire rights of the trio of novels of which Zola is now writing the second volume. Zola refused, although the money, found by a leading chocolate manufacturer, was ready to be paid down. He said that he did not care to bind himself in any way.

It is not often than an author consents to perform in one of his own pieces, and accordingly special interest attached itself to the performance of *La Peur des Coups*, at the *Journal* matinée on the 14th of this month, in which George Courteline, the author of this little piece, performed the principal rôle. He acquitted himself very honourably, and was much applauded. George Courteline is one of the few real humorists in contemporary French literature, which is singularly lacking in humour of any sort. His dialogues and short stories are models of the best French wit. He writes largely, and not without some bitterness, on military life in France. One can see from his description of this life that he has a great grudge against the system. Indeed, during his five years' service as a cavalryman he suffered greatly; to the extent, indeed, of a ruined constitution and a depressed *morale*, from which he has barely recovered. He is a very melancholy-looking man, pale and *chétif*, and when he talks it is a litany. But his writings brim over with the best fun.

Speaking of humorists reminds me that the other day I met Alphonse Allais, who was very full of some grievance which he described as a public scandal. "Why don't you write an article on the subject?" I asked, knowing that he has the *entrée* to the most influential papers in Paris. "Alas!" he said, "I cannot. Nobody takes me *au sérieux*. I am the 'funny boy,' and can never speak in earnest." I suppose that the Grimaldis of the pen also regret that they can never lay aside the cap and bells.

Alphonse Allais is another of the few contemporary French humorists whose wit is laughable and not lewd. He has modelled himself on the English and American humorists with considerable success. English humour, by the way, is just now in fashion in France, and in default of any of native production is likely to remain so.

Poor Charles Leroy, another humorist, died on the 10th. He leaves behind him in "Colonel Ramollot" a type which will survive as long as the French language is spoken. Colonel Ramollot (*Anglice*, Colonel Dodderer, from *ramolli*, softened) represents the imbecile, foul-mouthed officer who is still to be found in military circles in France. Leroy, who was slightly lame, never was a soldier, and spent his life as a clerk in the offices of one of the big French railway companies. Yet, *pékin* as he was, he succeeded in evolving a type of officer which, although a caricature, seemed so true to life that Colonel Ramollot is as vital as our Mrs. Gamp, or Mr. Pecksniff, or Daudet's Delobelle. His first book about the Colonel was a great success, and for ten years the public bought up eagerly everything that Leroy wrote about his hero. The demand was sufficiently great to induce a publisher to arrange with the author for a weekly *brochure*, sold at a penny, containing some adventure of Ramollot's, and this weekly publication continued for some years, in spite of the fact that to many of us it seemed that Leroy had written all he had to write about the absinthe-drinking, swearing, blustering, bully of a colonel.

Leroy felt this himself, and tried for success in other fields of humorous literature. He wrote several novels and sketches such as 'The Duellist's Guide to Foul Play,' and so on, but the public had "nailed him to a speciality," as M. de Vogüe put it in his address to Paul Bourget, at the Academy the other day, and would have, from Leroy, Colonel Ramollot and nothing else. It is said that Leroy was much harassed by this, and that of late Colonel Ramollot had become a Frankenstein to him.

Nordau has always refused to allow himself to be "nailed to a speciality." He told me the other day that the reason why he wrote 'Degeneration' was because he was sick of always hearing himself spoken of as the author of 'The Conventional Lies of our Civilization.' Now that he is being spoken of universally as the author of 'Degeneration,' he is writing a novel—his third—and will not write the philosophical work which he has in his head until he has dissociated himself from the speciality of philosophical writing. He also means to succeed as a dramatic author. His plays till now have been wrecked by the critics, many of whom were offended by 'Degeneration.'

He lives a very quiet, simple life with his mother and sister, whom he has entirely supported since he was sixteen years old. He takes pleasure in nothing but in work, and neither drinks, nor smokes, nor goes out into society. He speaks English, French, Italian, German and Hungarian with equal fluency, and can converse in Russian, Spanish, and the Scandinavian languages. He is, moreover, an urbane and most amiable man. One is glad to know that he has had more success than comes to most men of letters; indeed, of contemporary writers he enjoys perhaps the widest European celebrity.

It is a sign of the times, it may be, that the new director of the *Théâtre Libre* has stated in the course of a recent interview that he does not intend to confine his *répertoire* exclusively to realistic pieces, *choses vécues*. He means to take his audiences also into the blue regions of the Ideal. Naturalistic writers seem to have had their slices of luck, and the inevitable reaction has set in. So much the better.

I saw a strikingly characteristic photograph of poor de Maupassant in a shop-window the other day, and went in to get a copy. The shopman fetched me the one out of the window, and said that it was the last portrait of de Maupassant that he had in stock, and added that he did not intend to restock Maupassant photographs. "Nobody buys them," he said. Maupassant's books do not sell well, either, it appears.

Now, as people don't buy de Maupassant's books and don't read him, why can they not leave his name alone? Those of us who reverence his name are constantly being irritated by the pretensions of this or that scribbler to be his literary heir. No, there is no English Maupassant, there is no Australian Maupassant, no Shropshire, no Canadian, no Channel Islands, no Gibraltar Maupassant. It isn't in them. There is only one Maupassant, and that was Guy. He was one of the greatest writers of prose who ever lived, and of fiction he was a past master. He knew, as few men knew it, the inner workings of the human heart. And he died mad, and now nobody reads his books. Let his name be.

Robert H. Sherard.

123, *Boulevard Magenta, Paris.*

NEW WRITERS.

MR. H. G. WELLS.

MR. H. G. WELLS is a comparatively new addition to the ranks of those who live by imaginative writing. Until two years ago he had published nothing except a few contributions to the educational papers, one short article in the *Fortnightly Review*, some scientific essays, and a concise cram-book in Biology for the London University science examinations. At that time he had abandoned any literary ambitions he may have entertained, and was almost wholly engaged in educational work, and, but for the accident of a violent hæmorrhage from the lungs, might still be so engaged. But his lung collapse rendered a more sedentary employment imperative, and he turned to journalism. What he regarded as an overwhelming misfortune proved in the

Photographed by] [*Dickins, Sloane Street, S.W.*

MR. H. G. WELLS.

end to be a really very good thing for him. Mr. J. M. Barrie was—all unconsciously—his mentor, for it was by following the suggestions contained in 'When a Man's Single' that Mr. Wells secured a footing as a writer of "middle articles," contributing first to the *Globe*, and then chiefly to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *St. James's Gazette*. His work attracted the marked attention of Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and through him he came under the influence of that vigorous stimulant of seedling authors, Mr. W. E. Henley, to whom the 'Time Machine' is dedicated, and to whose buoyant good opinion its completion is largely due. Prior to the writing of the 'Time Machine,' Mr. Wells had tried his hand at short sensational stories involving scientific ideas, at the invitation of Mr. Lewis Hind, the editor of the now departed *Pall Mall Budget*. Mr. Wells is still a frequent contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and was until about two months ago upon the regular staff of that paper; in addition he is now upon the staff of the *Saturday Review*, and upon the reviewing staff of *Nature*. But the friendly reception accorded to the 'Time Machine' has not been lost upon him, and already two other imaginative works by him are approaching

completion. One of these, which is to be called 'The Island of Doctor Moreau,' deals grotesquely with some of the possibilities of vivisection, and will present certain novel and exceedingly unpleasant monsters to the reader's imagination. In the other, the "horrible" element will be discarded for humorous satire, and the vicar, doctor, and other typical characters in a little South-country village will be excited by a wonderful visitor from an unknown world. This little book is also an experiment in form. Instead of the ordinary division into shapeless chapters of about equal length, the story will be broken up into about fifty sections, incidents, conversations and discussions, each of which is intended to have a unity of its own, in addition to its contribution to the general effect. Both of these works, as well as 'The Stolen Bacillus,' a bookful of short stories originally contributed to the *Pall Mall Budget* (which Messrs. Methuen and Co. are to publish) will probably appear before the end of the year. Mr. Wells is twenty-eight years of age. His uncertain health forces him to avoid social occasions, and to live in retirement out of London. He was born at Bromley, in Kent, and educated partly in a private school there, and partly at the Midhurst Grammar School. He studied science (chiefly Zoology and Geology) at the Royal College of Science, and took the degree of B.Sc. in the University of London, with honours in both those subjects. He organised and for several years conducted the biological teaching for the London science and medical degrees in the University Tutorial College, a successful private coaching establishment in Red Lion Square.

THE READER.

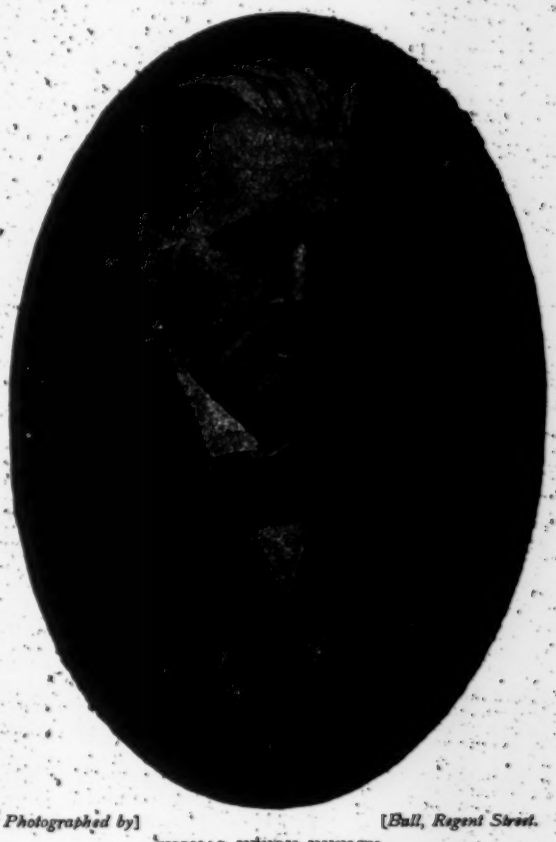
THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

IN these days of specialism it falls to the lot of few men of science to achieve fame outside the limited circle of the cultivators of their own department of knowledge. There have been, however, some few notable exceptions, and of these Professor Huxley was (alas that we have to write in the past tense!) the most prominent. There is scarcely any name more familiar to the reading world than his; and although for some time past his failing health caused him to withdraw from public life, yet his pen was not idle until a comparatively short time before his death.

This reputation was due to many causes—to the popular nature of some of the subjects with which he was especially connected, to the public interest of the controversies in which he was engaged; but it was also largely owing to his remarkable personality. No one could meet him or read his writings without being impressed by his earnestness, his outspoken fearlessness, his Carlylean hatred of shams, and his appreciation of those who were honestly striving to increase our knowledge of natural science.

The position which he occupied in the world of thought was unique and many-sided. In Biology he was not only an original and laborious researcher and teacher, but he was pre-eminently a commentator on and a populariser of the results of the investigations of others. In Philosophy he was the most prominent pioneer in the application of the doctrine of evolution to a wide range of the objects of human thought. As a man of affairs he laboured in the cause of education, primary, secondary, and technical, in promoting the efficient training of scientific teachers, in the reform and organisation of universities and colleges of science, and in the improvement of the curriculum of medical study. His public services in these departments received a tardy recognition in his elevation to the dignity of a Privy Councillor. As a critic of religious thought and belief he was not only a trenchant and aggressive controversialist, but he was also, if not the founder, at least the namer and apostle of a new creed.

To those who knew him Huxley was a kind, straightforward and judicious friend. Many a young scientific man has had to thank him for wise and kindly counsel. I well



Photographed by [*Bull, Regent Street.*

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

remember on the occasion of our first meeting, nearly thirty years ago, when I was a very young man, making my first appearance at a scientific congress, how he met me in the street after the meeting and, taking my arm, walked up and down for some time discussing certain points concerning which I had been writing, offering me friendly criticisms and useful suggestions. Living, as I did then, far from London, and being engaged in engrossing professional work, my opportunities of personally meeting with him were few, but on many occasions when I asked his opinion and advice by letter I was always sure of a prompt and suggestive reply. There was a strong element of conservatism in his judgment of the work of the younger men, and to one mutual friend, who submitted to him a paper containing what he believed to be an important and revolutionary discovery in Morphology, he wrote urging him to lay his paper aside in a drawer for ten years, and not to publish it until he had thus an opportunity of giving to it maturer thought.

The amount of original biological discovery made by himself personally was neither very great in amount, nor, measured by its influence on morphological science, of first-rate importance. Many a man whose name is unknown outside the biological laboratories has done far more. But he had an almost intuitive power of perceiving the bearing of the work of others on the great problems of biology, and of viewing facts in their perspective so as to emphasize those points which were of the greatest importance. He laboured successfully as a teacher of Natural History at the School of Mines, and at the South Kensington College of Science, and he there introduced the method of teaching by the detailed practical examination of typical forms, and thereby established that which experience has shown to be the best and most thorough method of biological instruction.

On the publication of the 'Origin of Species,' in 1859, Huxley was among the first to grasp the bearings of the new philosophy. And he threw himself earnestly into the task of pressing home on the scientific world the importance of Darwin's great induction. It was in this connection, by his forcible exposition of the Theory of Descent and Natural Selection, that he first came prominently before the public. He showed how the evolution hypothesis furnished a key whereby the facts of palæontology could be explained, and he effectually secured the attention of the popular mind to the importance of Darwinism.

He also pointed out, very early in his public utterance on the subject, that the evolution theory had far-reaching bearings on other problems than those of morphology; and when, at a later period, he was released from the labours of his professorial office, he appeared before the public as an exponent of the philosophical bearings of the theory of descent on the psychical and ethical phenomena of human nature and human thought. His studies of development, ontological and embryological, had already brought him into hostile collision with many of the beliefs current in the churches, more especially with the doctrine of creation and its bearing on man's place in nature. Against these he took an attitude of active antagonism. His cast of mind was essentially iconoclastic, and he tells us that he cared more for freedom of thought than for the mere advance of science in detail; and took more interest in knocking a fallacy on the head than in adding an item to the sum of human knowledge. He consequently struck out boldly against all systems which, in his view, seemed to fetter the desired freedom. In the carrying out of this polemic he showed the same marvellous power of selecting in the course of his reading those points of which use could be made in the controversy, and which could be made available for assailing existing beliefs. But while he showed in these discussions his remarkable abilities as a destructive critic, he was here, as in his biological work, indifferently successful in building up a coherent system of cosmical philosophy. It is much to be regretted, for the sake of the permanence of his reputation, that, as he became more and more engrossed in these subjects, he deserted the fields of biological exposition in which he had won his earlier successes, and occupied himself with questions for the treatment of which he was, by disposition and training, not so well fitted. He lacked the necessary quality of the true philosophical mind, of being able to realise and appreciate the standpoint of his adversaries. For him there was nothing conceivable in existence which was not the product of evolution, and any phenomena whose genesis and development could not be traced to a physical source were to him but the idols of the Tribe, of the Forum, or of the Theatre. Because in primitive times man had gained his ideas of a world of spirits by observations on himself and his neighbours, therefore all those phenomena which mankind has universally associated with spiritual existences must be simply products of human psychoses, themselves ultimately products of the nerve cells of the human organism. This assumption underlies his treatment of the doctrines of Christianity and of the facts of Christian history as far as they involve the belief in a world of spiritual beings. With these "things of the Spirit" he had no patience; they were unknowable unto him, and the sum of his philosophy was to "make a desert of the unknowable," and by that means he expected that "the divine Astræa of philosophical peace will commence her blessed reign." *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*

While on the one hand Huxley assailed with unsparing hand clericalism and Christian organisations, he was not without appreciation for the sacred books of Christianity, which he regarded as "a literature which has in some respects no superior." When speaking of education in primary schools he once said to me, "I would have the Bible taught and read in every school, but not interpreted by clerical or professional interpreters," and in one of his essays he gives his reason for this. "By the study of what other book could children be so much humanised and made to feel that each figure in that great historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space between the eternities, and earns the blessings or curses of all time according to its efforts to do good or hate evil, even as they are also earning the payment for their work?"

It is too soon to forecast how far the work which Professor Huxley has done will become a permanent memorial of his great personal influence on the present age. There is a want of finality in all biological work, and his is no exception, for although one of the most important of his contributions to knowledge has been characterised by the greatest philosophical anatomist of the present day as one which "*als bahnbrechend vor allen hervorgehoben werden muss*," yet so much new work has since been done along the same line, and in advance of his, that Huxley's paper is now only of historical interest. His philosophical writings embody very little else than the views of Hume and Descartes expressed in the language of evolution, and are not likely to make nearly so important a mark in the history of philosophy as those of the great synthetic formulator of the system of evolution, Herbert Spencer. His essays on biblical criticism have a certain interest from the pitiless way in which he demolishes some of the special pleading for those accretions which have grown round the citadel of truth; and although they have had an effect in setting a fashion of hostility to Christian thought among a certain number of the younger biologists who have imitatively adopted his unbelief without independent thought, yet as he does not speak as a first-hand authority, but is dependent on popular German critics for the foundations of his argument, there is little

probability that they will take a permanent place in critical literature.

But whatever the verdict of posterity may be, those among whom he has been a living presence cannot but feel that his death has made a deplorable blank in the world of science. A great man has been taken from us, one whom many will remember as long as they live as one of the most remarkable men that this or any other age has produced.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

MR. LANG AS A POET.

WHEN the little volume of "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" appeared in its dainty white and gold in 1872, more than one lover of poetry felt

> "like a man abroad at morn
> When first the liquid note beloved of men
> Comes flying over many a windy wave
> To Britain."

The voice, indeed, was not wholly new, but it was young and singularly sweet; and in it there were cadences the freshness and tenderness of which were of delightful promise at a moment when Tennyson and Swinburne were devoting themselves to "Queen Mary" and "Bothwell," when William Morris was wasting brilliant craftsmanship on the "Æneid," and Browning was revelling in the Hesperian bowers of "Red Cotton Nightcap Country." Mr. Lang has himself somewhat despitefully imputed to his early work "the demerits of imitative and even of undergraduate rhyme," but while one may admit that the poet had not found *himself* when he penned such lines as

> "The languid sunset, mother of roses,
> Lingers, a light on the magic seas,"

there was more than sufficient in "Ballads and Lyrics" to justify "people he liked in liking them" and certain unconsidered strangers in expecting memorable things from him. Confining oneself to the original poems—though the translations, which fill more than half the volume, afford admirable proof of metrical equipment and poetic sympathy—need one do more in the way of evidence than refer to the gentle tenderness of "Twilight on Tweed," with its "water from the Border hills," its air haunted by the ballads "borne out of long ago," its trout plashing beneath the blossomed tree, and its glimpse of green Eildon; or to the fine conception of "They hear the Sirens for the second time"; or the spiritual elevation of "The Lost Path"—that forgotten mode of ecstasy "whereby, as Porphyry saith, his soul, becoming free from his deathly flesh, was made one with the Spirit that is in the World"? One sonnet, however, I must quote—aglow with the yearning and vision of the poetic twenties, before Mr. Lang dallied in the primrose paths of the Ballade, and long before he began to gibe at "the mavis of his early morn"—

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

> I shall not see thee, nay, but I shall know,
> Perchance, thy grey eyes in another's eyes,
> Shall guess thy curls in gracious locks that flow
> On purest brows, yea, and in swift surmise
> Shall follow and track and find thee in disguise
> Of all sad things, and fair, where sunsets glow,
> When through the scent of heather, faint and low,
> The weak wind whispers to the day that dies.
>
> From all sweet art, and out of all "old rhyme,"
> Thine eyes and lips are light and song to me
> The shadows of the beauty of all time,
> Carven and sung, are only shapes of thee;
> Alas, the shadowy shapes! ah, sweet my dear,
> Shall life or death bring all thy being near?

Here, too—in verse so musical that in reading it after rhymed measures one does not for some time perceive that it is rhymeless—we have the poet's first conception of Helen of Troy. It is interesting to note that for nearly twenty years, off and on, Mr. Lang has devoted himself to the worship of that imperishable beauty. His most important work consists of her story, and again as late as 1890, when he collaborated with Mr. Rider Haggard in one of the most strikingly picturesque and imaginative—and strangely enough one of the least appreciated—of recent romances, "The World's Desire," it was Helen who was the heroine.

So far as I can gather, the most popular of Mr. Lang's poems is the "XXII Ballades in Blue China" (1880). They are delightful reading; airy, graceful, humorous; the freaks and fancies of a very Ariel. Recollect the melody of the "Ballade of the Midnight Forest," the delicious quaintness of the "Blue China" of the reign of the Emperor Hwang, the racy piquancy of the "Ballade of the Tweed," the characteristic enyoy of "The Royal Game of Golf"—

> "Prince, faith you're improving a wee,
> And, Lord, man, they tell me you're keen;
> Tak' the best o' advice that can be,
> Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!"

—how we laughed over all that fifteen years ago, and how often we have smiled since! But, alas, with the exception of the fine sonnet "In Ithaca," I find little that fulfils the early promise. Two years later, however, "Helen of Troy," in six books—nearly 2,500 lines—realised the expectations which had been aroused by the reading of the volume of 1872.

The lines of the poets of to-day have fallen in pleasant places; an ode or a ballad suffices to create a reputation. One can almost regret, for *its* sake, that the publication of "Helen of Troy" was not postponed for a dozen years. What a "splash" it would have made in these days of small outputs and quick returns! On the other hand, it may reconcile the great army of the disappointed to remember that so noble a piece of work has never passed into a second edition, and that in the survey of recent poetic achievement the references to it are by no means as plentiful as mice in Patagonia. It may be that age *has* withered and custom staled the infinite variety of the "dream of the world's youth"; possibly we are tired of phantoms, and hunger for the womanhood of our time; but one would have thought that the old story had not yet lost its spell, especially when told with the beauty and power, the imagination, the vivid truthfulness, the emotion, which lift these six books into the region of great poetry.

The claim I have made for this epic-in-little is a large one, but did space allow it would be easy, and no less pleasant, to substantiate it by quotation. In this case, however, any reasonably limited extracts would resemble the bricks of the house-agent in Hierocles. From the first appearance of Helen with Hermione,

> "A little maiden of long summers three,"

nestling against her bosom—I had thought Mr. Lang despised children, but what poet does not love them?—and peeping out half afraid at the strangers, down to the

strangely placid time when she and Menelaus, once more together in the old home, beheld

"The counted years of mortal life go by,"

the story is full of rememberable passages. As in a dream, forgetful of the past, spell-drawn by fate, Helen wanders forth to her destiny, innocent and unconscious,

"When the red rose of dawn outburned the white;"

and this dream-state continues through the long voyage by many an island fort and haven, past red-prow'd barks Egyptian, the rich island-town begirt by war, the lonely tunny-fisher on his rocky watch-tower, and long afterwards, till Paris slays in her presence his own son by Œnone and Œnone's curse descends upon her. Then by the will of the evil goddess the cloud rolls away from Helen's memory, and she knows herself, and sees her home, the city of the rifted hill, fair Lacedæmon, and hears the cry of her little child. This lapse and temporary restoration of memory are the most tragic and pathetic incidents in the poem, and they are matched by the appearance of Œnone, first at the funeral pile of her son, and, long years afterwards, at that of the father who unwittingly slew him. Of the same lofty strain is Helen's contempt for Paris and her seclusion from the little world she lived in.

"But she, in longing for her lord and home,
And scorn of her wild lover, did withdraw
From all men's eyes; but in the night would roam
Till drowsy watchmen of the city saw
A shadowy shape that chill'd the night with awe,
Treading the battlements; and like a ghost
She stretched her lovely arms without a flaw
In shame and longing to the Argive host."

Nor can similar praise be denied to the closing scene in which Menelaus, after the sack of Ilion, bade the army fall upon her and stone her to death.

"But each man stood and mused on Helen's face,
And her undream'd of beauty, brought so nigh
On that bleak plain, within that ruin'd place;"

and let fall the gathered flints and stole away.

But what notion does all this give of the poem? None; in these cases the critics, like the auld folk in a bunker, "are nae gude ava'," and the epic no less than the golfing is discredited.

In 1885 Mr. Lang published "Rhymes à la Mode," and in 1888 "Grass of Parnassus," and of these I have left myself scant room to speak. Among some beautiful poems and many lovely lines—witness these rudely torn from their context—

"Between the green sky and the grey;"

"Beside his friends, on the grey hill,
Where rains weep, and the curlews shrill,
And the brown water wanders by;"

"*Hush, ah hush*, the scythes are saying;"

and such poems as "Almæ Matres," "Desiderium," "Romance," "Seekers for a City," "Clevedon Church," and "Pen and Ink"—one finds that the poet has reverted to the merry, dilettante, half-mocking spirit of the "XXII Ballades." A curious significance seems to be given to this reversion by the personal note in "The Spinet."

"A jingling harmony it makes,
My heart, my lyre, my old Spinet,
And now a memory it wakes,
And now the music means 'forget,'
And little heed the player takes
Howe'er the thoughtful critic fret."

Worse still, in "Ban and Arrière Ban," issued last year Mr. Lang "blasphemes the great white goddess to her face" in "The Poet's Apology." Who would have suspected this in the author of the "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France"; who can forgive it in the author of "Helen of Troy"?

"No, the Muse has gone away,
Does not haunt me much to-day.
Everything she has to say
Has been said!

'Twas not much at any time
She could hitch into a rhyme,
Never was the Muse sublime
Who has fled!

Anyone who takes her in
May observe she's rather thin;
Little more than bone and skin
Is the Muse;"

all of which is malicious slandering of an immaculate sweet lady;

"Scanty sacrifice she won
When her very best she'd done,
And at her they poked their fun
In Reviews."

As if that mattered a single particle!

WILLIAM CANTON.

IRISH NATIONAL LITERATURE.

CONTEMPORARY PROSE WRITERS: MR. O'GRADY, MISS LAWLESS, MISS BARLOW, MISS HOPPER, AND THE FOLK-LORISTS.

LITERATURE differs from explanatory and scientific writing in being wrought about a mood, or a community of moods, as the body is wrought about an invisible soul; and if it uses argument, theory, erudition, observation, and seems to grow hot in assertion or denial, it does so merely to make us partakers at the banquet of the moods. It seems to me that these moods are the labourers and messengers of the Ruler of All, the gods of ancient days still dwelling on their secret Olympus, the angels of more modern days ascending and descending upon their shining ladder; and that argument, theory, erudition, observation, are merely what Blake called "little devils who fight for themselves," illusions of our visible passing life, who must be made serve the moods, or we have no part in eternity. Everything that can be seen, touched, measured, explained, understood, argued over, is to the imaginative artist nothing more than a means, for he belongs to the invisible life, and delivers its ever new and ever ancient revelation. We hear much of his need for the restraints of reason, but the only restraint he can obey is the mysterious instinct that has made him an artist, and that teaches him to discover immortal moods in mortal desires, an undecaying hope in our trivial ambitions, a divine love in sexual passion.

The writer of history or very historical romance can never perhaps be wholly an imaginative artist, for he must reason and compare and argue about mere accidents and chances, and so be bound upon the wheel of mortality; but if he reason and compare and argue only, he belongs to those who record and not to those who reveal, to science and not to literature, for none but the Divine Brotherhood can tell him how men loved and sorrowed, and what things are memorable and what things are alms for oblivion.

Ireland has but one historian who is anything of an

artist, Mr. Standish O'Grady, and multifarious knowledge of Gaelic legend and Gaelic history and a most Celtic temperament have put him in communion with the moods that have been over Irish purposes from the hour when, in the words put into the mouth of St. Dionysius, "The Most High set the borders of the Nations according to the angels of God." His "History of Ireland: Heroic Period," which was published in 1878, has done more than anything else to create that preoccupation with Irish folk-lore and legend and epic which is called the Irish literary movement. Ferguson had indeed been long busy with Irish folk-lore and legend and epic, but almost wholly in detached ballads, and always with an old-fashioned rigour of style which repels readers accustomed to the deep colour and emotional cadence of modern literature; but this book retold nearly every great legend, and traced the links that bound them one to another in a chaotic but vehement and lyrical prose. Every character was full of passion to the lips, and half a savage and half a god, like those persons whom the ancients celebrated in the stars, Bootes, Arcturus, the hunter Orion, and their innumerable comrades; and Celtic as the heroes of MacPherson's 'Ossian,' with the something added that made them Irish also; and love tales and battle tales that had long been the prey of Dr. Dry-as-Dust and his pupils, started up clothed in the colour and music of a temperament which needed only a passion for precision of phrase and for delicacy of cadence to be the temperament of the great poets. Since then he has retold separate legends and groups of legend with more detail in 'Fin and his Companions,' his masterpiece, and in 'The Coming of Cuchullin,' the beautiful but unequal opening of an epic in prose. He has also written a most vivid little book of Elizabethan tales and historical fragments called 'The Bog of Stars,' which has had a considerable success in Ireland, and among the Irish in England; 'Red Hugh's Captivity,' the only historical book about Elizabethan Ireland which is more than dates and dialectics; and 'The Story of Ireland,' an impressionist narrative of Irish affairs from the coming of the gods to the death of Parnell, which has aroused acrimonious controversy, and is still something of a byword, for Ireland is hardly ready for impressionism, above all for a whimsical impressionism which respects no traditional hatred or reverence, which exalts Cromwell and denounces the saints, and is almost persuaded that when Parnell was buried, as when Columba died, "the sky was alight with strange lights and flames." In Ireland we are accustomed to histories with great parade of facts and dates, of wrongs and precedents, for use in the controversies of the hour; and here was a man who let some all-important Act of Parliament (say) go by without a mention, or with perhaps inaccurate mention, and for no better reason than because it did not interest him, and who recorded with careful vividness some moment of abrupt passion, some fragment of legendary beauty, and for no better reason than because it did interest him profoundly. "The effect" of his books, as Mill said of Michelet's 'History of France,' "is not acquiescence, but stir and ferment," and I disagree with his conclusions too constantly, and see the armed hand of nationality in too many places where he but sees the clash of ancient with modern institutions, to believe that he has written altogether the true history of Ireland; but I am confident that, despite his breathless generalisations, his slipshod style, his ungovernable likings and dislikings, he is the first man who has tried to write it, for he is the first to have written not mainly of battles and enactments, but of changing institutions and changing beliefs, of the pride of the wealthy and the long endurance "of the servile tribes of ignoble countenance."

Miss Lawless is probably, like Mr. Standish O'Grady, on the unpopular side in Irish politics, but, unlike Mr. O'Grady, is in imperfect sympathy with the Celtic nature, and has accepted the commonplace conception of Irish character as a something charming, irresponsible, poetic, dreamy, untrustworthy, voluble, and rather despicable, and the commonplace conception of English character as a something prosaic, hard, trustworthy, silent, and altogether worshipful, and the result is a twofold slander. This bundle of half-truths made her describe the Irish soldiers, throughout 'Essex in Ireland,' as a savage, undisciplined, ragged horde, in the very teeth of Raleigh's letters, which prove them among the best armed and best disciplined in Europe; and made her in 'Grania' magnify a peasant type which exists here and there in Ireland, and mainly in the extreme west, into a type of the whole nation; and in 'Maelcho' set before us for a typical Englishman the absolute genius of exemplary dulness and triumphant boredom; and it fetters her imagination continually, and comes between her and any clear understanding of Irish tradition. Despite her manifest sincerity and her agile intellect, one would perhaps pass her by with but few words, did she not escape from her theory of England and Ireland when she describes visions and visionaries, as in the chapter upon the rise of the dead multitudes in 'Essex in Ireland,' and in the description of the chaunting of Cormac Cass in 'Maelcho,' though there is nothing of Ireland in the chaunt that he makes; and in the madness of Maelcho and in his last days in the cavern with the monks. There is a kind of greatness in these things, and if she can cast off a habit of mind which would compress a complex, incalculable, indecipherable nation into the mould of a theory invented by political journalists and forensic historians, she should have in her the makings of a great book, full of an arid and half spectral intensity.

The only contemporary Irish novelist who has anything of Miss Lawless's popularity is undoubtedly Miss Barlow, and it were hard to imagine a greater contrast, for 'Irish Idylls,' 'Kerrigan's Quality,' and 'Maureen's Fairing' are without theory of any kind. She is master over the circumstances of peasant life, and has observed with a delighted care no Irish writer has equalled, the coming and going of hens and chickens on the door-step, the gossiping of old women over their tea, the hiding of children under the shadow of the thorn trees, the broken and decaying thatch of the cabins, and the great brown stretches of bogland; but seems to know nothing of the exultant and passionate life Carleton celebrated, or to shrink from its roughness and its tumult. Her labourers and potato diggers and potheen makers and cockle pickers are passive, melancholy, and gentle, while the real labourers and potato diggers and potheen makers and cockle pickers are often as not grim as their limestone walls, or fiery as a shaken torch.

Miss Nora Hopper is the latest of Irish romance writers, and the one absolute dreamer of Irish literature. Mr. O'Grady is interested in heroic and ungovernable men; Miss Lawless in theories about character and in visions elaborated out of character; Miss Barlow in a poor who are half observed, and half fashioned out of her own gentleness and benevolence; but Miss Hopper is only interested in so much of life as you can see in a wizard's glass. She has less strength than those whose interests are more earthy, but more delicacy of cadence and precision of phrase, a more perfect lyric temperament. Her little book, 'Ballads in Prose,' has the beauty of a dim twilight, and one praises it with hardly a reservation, except perhaps that here and there is too much of filmy vagueness, as in visions in the wizard's glass, before the mystical sweeper has swept the clouds away with his broom. The poetry is perhaps the better part, but my concern for the present is with the prose, and I have been haunted all the winter by "Daluan," "The Gifts of Aodh and Una," "The Four Kings," and "Aonan-n-Righ," and more than all by the sacrifice of Aodh in the temple of the heroes, that the land might be delivered from famine. "Then the door at which he was striving opened wide, and from the dark shrine swept out a cloud of fine grey dust. The door clanged to behind him, and he went up the aisle, walking ankle deep in the fine dust, and straining his eyes to see through the darkness if indeed figures paced beside him, and ghostly groups gave way before him, as he could not help but fancy. At last his outstretched hands touched a twisted horn of smooth cold substance, and he knew that he had reached the end of his journey. With his left hand clinging to the horn he turned towards the dark temple, saying aloud, 'Here I stand, Aodh, with gifts to give the Fianna and their gods. In the name of my mother's god, let them who desire my gifts come to me.' 'Aodh, son of Eochaidh,' a shivering voice cried out, 'give me thy youth.' 'I give,' Aodh said quietly. 'Aodh,' said another voice, reedy and thin, but sweet, 'give me thy knowledge. I, Grania, loved much and knew little.' There was a grey figure at his side, and without a word Aodh turned and laid his forehead on the ghost's cold breast. As he rested thus, another voice said, 'I am Oisin; give me thy death, O Aodh.' Aodh drew a deep breath, then he lifted his head, and clasped a ghostly figure in his arms, and holding it there, felt it stiffen and grow rigid and colder yet. 'Give me thy hope, Aodh.' 'Give me thy faith, Aodh.' 'Give me thy courage, Aodh.' 'Give me thy dreams, Aodh.' So the voices called and cried, and to each Aodh gave the desired gift. 'Give me thy heart, Aodh,' cried another. 'I am Maive, who knew much and loved little,' and with a shrinking sense of pain Aodh felt slender, cold fingers scratching and tearing their way through flesh and sinew till they grasped his heart, and tore the fluttering thing away. 'Give me thy love, Aodh,' another implored. 'I am Angus, Master of Love, and I have loved none.' 'Take it,' Aodh said faintly, and there was a pause. But soon the shivering voices began again, and the cold fingers clutched at his bare arms and feet, and the breath of ghostly lips played on his cheek as the cloudy figures came and went, and struggled and scrambled about him."

There are other Irish novelists of note, such as Mrs. Esler, who writes charmingly of Presbyterian life in Ulster, Mr. Frank Mathew, who has done excellent short stories and promises to do better, Mr. William O'Brien, who has written an able but inchoate political novel, Mr. Downey, who has done one piece of excellent fooling, the authors of "The Real Charlotte," who have described with unexampled grimness our middle-class life, Mrs. Hinkson, who has written a couple of books of kindly and picturesque sketches of Irish life and people, and various pleasant story-tellers who are neither literature nor the promise of literature, and one or two young men who have the promise but are not yet pleasant story-tellers. We have also a number of men of letters busy with our history and folk-lore. One of these, Mr. Lecky, is so famous that even if his methods were not those of historical science, rather than of historical literature, and wholly apart from any Irish tradition, it were useless to consider him here; another, Dr. Joyce, has written the most satisfactory of short Irish histories that are not in the manner of literature, and a rather unsatisfactory book of 'Old Celtic Romances' that is. Dr. Hyde, on the other hand, though at his worst he is shapeless enough, is at his best an admirable artist, and the manner of his 'Beside the Fire' is the ideal manner for a book of folk-lore, because it is the manner of the peasants' talk by the glowing turf, and 'Teig O'Kane,' which he has reshaped and made his own, is nearly worthy to be bound up with 'Wandering Willie's Tale,' while the prose of his 'Connaught Love Songs' is perfect after its kind. Lady Wilde has told inaccurately, but charmingly, innumerable tales which one cannot come by elsewhere; while Mr. Larminie and Mr. Curtin are recording the tales of the western peasantry with the industrious accuracy of Campbell of Islay; and Mr. Standish Hayse O'Grady, despite a hateful Latin style, has a place in literature because of the magnificence of much he has translated out of the Gaelic in "Silex Godaelica." All these scholars are better workmen, have more skill in arrangement and selection, and a more perfect criticism than the most important of their predecessors; just as Mr. O'Grady, Miss Lawless, Miss Barlow, and Miss Hopper outdo in the things that can be learned most of the earlier novelists. Our public, too, is a little more exacting, a little more conscious of excellence and of what is Irish as apart from what is English or Scottish than it was a few years ago; in the main through the tendency of all traditions of thought and feeling to grow less gross and crude through the sheer boredom of grossness and crudeness; but partly because Dr. Hyde, Mr. Larminie, Dr. Sigerson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Ashe King, and others, whose names would carry no meaning, have been busy denouncing rhetoric, and interpreting Gaelic history or modern romance in lectures and speeches. Whatever be the cause, we have for the first time in Ireland, and among the Irish in England, a school of men of letters united by a common purpose, and a small but increasing public who love literature for her own sake and not as the scullery-maid of politics; and may hope some day, in the maturity of our traditions, to fashion out of the world about us, and the things that our fathers have told us, a new ritual for the builders of peoples, the imperishable moods.

W. B. YEATS.

BOOK SALES IN THE WEST END.

A Talk with Mr. A. L. Humphreys, of Hatchards'.

THERE is not a busier man in London than Mr. Humphreys, and at this time of the year especially, when aristocratic holiday-makers are purchasing their autumn store of novels, it is by no means easy to find him at leisure. A representative was fortunate enough to have a short conversation with him the other day in his Piccadilly office. Mr. Humphreys, as everyone knows, is the bookseller of Mayfair, and he numbers among his customers almost all the well-known people of the day. Novels are of course, in his experience, by far the most saleable books.

"The novel is the book of the future. People buy novels with the same willingness and the same warm self-approval with which they purchase tickets for the theatre. The West End is dying to be amused, and the difference between a six-shilling, a three-and-sixpenny, and a half-crown story is a small matter if the book is interesting. We supply the general reader, I suppose, more than the student, but some of the greatest scholars in the country are among the most appreciative buyers of light literature."

There are three places in the world, Mr. Kipling tells us, at which, sooner or later, you will meet the man you seek. These are Charing Cross Station, the London Docks, and the Suez Canal. As a West End rendezvous, Hatchards' shop might make an excellent fourth. Mr. Humphreys, though he naturally did not care to say much about customers, looks back with interest to a visit of Mr. Gladstone's some years ago. 'Il Vaticano' was the book which interested Mr. Gladstone, and after carefully examining the volumes, he made a purchase. Although Lord Salisbury's house in Arlington Street is close by, he is not much of a frequenter of London bookshops. Members of the Royal Family are frequent book-buyers. Several members of the Royal Family are fond of adventure stories. It is said that Mr. William Le Queux's 'Zoraida' has had more than one Royal reader. "Many years ago Mr. Gladstone was a frequent visitor here, purchasing pamphlets to a considerable extent. Since then other Prime Ministers have given us ideas of their favourite reading. Lord Rosebery has a great knowledge of books, and I think everyone who knows him agrees that his memory is exceptionally accurate. A few days ago he told me of two books which struck him as being much neglected. These were 'Tom Cringle's Log' and Miss Burney's 'Evelina.' Many members of the Royal Family honour us, and several Royal Princesses I could name buy their books with the most excellent taste and judgment. I see here a great many of the very clever women who constitute the 'smart sets' of Society. I consider Lady Warwick a very ardent and genuine book-lover, and her example is followed by many others of the same brilliant family. I should say that Lady Warwick was one of the best read women who have ever led English Society." The mention of this group suggested to Mr. Humphreys the remark that there is much latent talent among English aristocratic women. If only some of them would take seriously to writing, he thinks the popular favourites of the moment would need to look to their laurels. "If they would but write as they talk," said he.

"What writers have been selling best during the present season?"

"There is a class of novel," Mr. Humphreys remarked, "which, though loudly abused by my lady friends, is always bought. Books like 'The Heavenly Twins,' and a series such as the 'Keynotes' or the 'Pioneer'—in fact, any book which deals with husband, wife, and another—is sure of a good reception. Some of the older writers are rapidly falling off in sale. The public is waiting at present with much interest for the next works of Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling. Neither of these has, in my opinion, suffered at all from his interval of silence. When a novelist of genius allows a considerable time to elapse between his books, the public takes it for granted that he has something great in hand, and is willing to wait his time. On the other hand, there are second-rate authors whose salvation consists in keeping hard at work, and who are forgotten the moment they cease to be productive. Here is a distinction between the artist and the artizan."

Mr. Humphreys dwelt on the popularity of Mr. Crockett and Ian Maclaren, which shows not the slightest sign of waning. He thinks Mr. Stanley Weyman has done as much as any writer to counteract the influence of the physiological school. Mr. Levett Yeats' delightful story, 'The Honour of Savelli,' has had a good sale in the West End. The books of Anthony Hope and W. H. Mallock exactly suit the taste of Mayfair. Their brilliant dialogue is an exact mirror of society talk at its best and cleverest.

"As regards standard novelists," Mr. Humphreys said in response to another question, "there has lately been a revival in the sale of the Waverley Novels, owing perhaps to the various new editions that have appeared. Dickens and Thackeray are, I fear, a little on the wane. First editions of Dickens are not much in demand. I collect first editions of many sporting works. In a business like ours one realises the undying and unchangeable devotion to sport which is rooted in the English character. First editions of the older sporting writers are eagerly bought up, as well as more modern books such as the Badminton Library. Speaking broadly, one may say that books have not at all a fair proportion in the family expenditure. Servants, pictures, wines, furniture, ornaments, are all thought of before the library. People take, as a rule, far more pride in their pictures than in their books. The library has been often got together by some ancestor, and the only library in which a man can be expected to take an intense personal interest is one which reflects himself."

"How about the sale of religious books?"

"There are only about six devotional books which enjoy a steady circulation. The list includes the 'Imitation of Christ,' Marcus Aurelius, St. Augustine's 'Confessions,' and some of the writings of Fenelon."

"And in children's books, Mr. Humphreys, do the old favourites hold their own?"

"The general taste of our customers, with which my own warmly concurs, is against moralising or instructive books for children. There would be no sale for a new 'Sandford and Merton.' Mrs. Molesworth's tales retain their popularity, and the 'Alice' books are of course our great children's classics. Grown-up people, by the way, seem to read Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear quite as much as children, and only yesterday a lady was astonished to find that we kept these works upstairs in the children's department."

"Do you notice any tendency of the magazines to crowd each other out?"

"Surprisingly little, considering the great competition. People spend much more on magazines than they used to do, and even the older and more stagnant periodicals keep their place as well-tried friends, to whose faults one becomes indulgent. Undoubtedly there has been a revolution in magazinism during the last few years."

Mr. Humphreys thinks the modern bookseller should be as much up to date as the modern draper or milliner. His own keen interest in literature ought to commend his wares. He should know every book in his shop, and should never allow the dust of his shelves to collect on his own mind. The growth of the net system has been a considerable encouragement to booksellers, and gives them an interest in pushing new works which they never had under the old discount rule. Mr. Humphreys thinks publishers will more and more adopt the net system. He does not agree with Mr. Hall Caine that the publisher is an unnecessary middleman between author and bookseller. The publisher and the bookseller stand related to each other as closely as the solicitor and the barrister.

Among minor poets, Mr. Humphreys finds that William Watson and John Davidson sell best. Americans are great book-buyers, and cultured American women show a marvellously intimate acquaintance with the latest English literature. In conclusion, Mr. Humphreys spoke in the warmest terms of his partner, Mr. Shepherd, who devotes special attention to other departments of the great firm, leaving Mr. Humphreys free to attend more directly to its literary side.

NEW BOOKS.

GENERAL HAMLEY.*

It will be a great pity if, as seems possible, the merits of Mr. Shand's biography are to be hid by the dust of the controversy about the suppressed despatches. Mr. Shand has strong views on that subject, and expresses them strongly. We are not inclined to blame him. The command of one of the divisions of the expeditionary force in Egypt offered Hamley the chance of realising his great ambition—to crown in the field the reputation as a strategist which he had won in the study. It seemed to him, as it must seem to many, that he seized the chance; nevertheless, his services were denied official recognition, and the means which he took in demanding it blighted his military career. In any "Life" of Hamley the incident had to be dealt with; and we think that, had Mr. Shand taken up a neutral position, it would have proved him lacking in the enthusiasm which is required of any biographer who writes within a year or two of his subject's death. At the same time, on Mr. Shand's own showing, Hamley was not free from blame. "Doubtless," he says, "Hamley was best fitted for supreme command. . . . It was galling to be trammelled at every turn by arrangements and instructions the wisdom of which seemed worse than doubtful. He knew his duty as a soldier, and was ready to obey. But it was natural that, while there was yet available time, he should have remonstrated warmly." In these words the biographer appears to be whipping himself into a justification of a heat of remonstrance which a Commander-in-Chief could not be expected to take graciously. In the absence of Sir Garnet Wolseley's version of the story, so much must be said in the first place. On the other hand, it is abundantly clear what the second division did at Tel-el-Kebir, and it is extraordinary that in the despatches the honours should have been given to the first division, and the name of the Commander of the second left unmentioned. And there the civilian must be content to let the matter rest for the present.

Hamley was a brave and hard-working soldier, a strategist of world-wide reputation, a political envoy with an honesty and earnestness of purpose that more than made up for a lack of the *finesse* of diplomacy, an accomplished critic and controversialist, a novelist and an artist. His life was marked off in stages in which now one, now another, of his gifts was in full play. Such versatility makes it difficult for the biographer to preserve always a proper perspective. And Mr. Shand had other difficulties to face. He had to rely upon others for intimate details of Hamley's early days, and to weave these into his narrative without breaking in upon the unity of impression which distinguishes great biography. Moreover, he got little help from Hamley himself. Excepting his friend and publisher, John Blackwood, Hamley had no regular confidential correspondent. How much this meant in writing his Life may be seen by comparing the chapters, bright and full of character, which chronicle the Blackwood friendships with the others which are compiled chiefly from official and semi-official records. In spite of all these difficulties, Mr. Shand has performed his task well. His work is a worthy memorial to a man of extraordinarily varied gifts and of a singularly humane and sterling, if masterful, nature.

The many-sidedness of Hamley gave him the acquaintance of men distinguished in many and varied fields. Mr. Shand has made much of this: we have no doubt that he has made the most of it; and his "Life" gains a special entertainment and value in consequence. But that only makes us regret the more that Hamley was not a systematic correspondent, and did not leave behind him some record with a personal note. The letters which he received from foreign generals on the publication of 'The Operations of War,' printed here, are extremely interesting. His recollections of well-known men of his own acquaintance, however, are very meagre. It was Mr. Locker-Lampson, and not himself, who preserved such of his memories as we are given of Dickens; Dean Stanley, Tennyson, Hayward, and many more. It would seem that his letters contain only passing allusion to his friendship with Thackeray, who introduced him to the Sturgis family, in whose house at Mount Felix he found a second home. He met there many eminent Americans, and came to know well Motley, and Mr. William Story, whom he introduced to "Maga" as a contributor. He had performed the same office for it in the case of the Chesneys. While at Leith Fort, on his return from the Crimea, he was a welcome visitor at Blackwood's house, and there, and in London later, made the acquaintance of the "old stoups" of the magazine—Aytoun, Delane, Kinglake, Samuel Warren, Mrs. Oliphant, Colonel Lockhart, Laurence Oliphant. A man with Hamley's instinct for characterisation, one cannot help feeling, has scarce done fair by posterity in not recording more of the impressions made upon him in such a circle of acquaintances. As it is, with the help of those at his command, Mr. Shand has given us a valuable addition to the books of the year.

D. S. MELDRUM.

* 'The Life of General Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.' By Alexander Innes Shand. Two vols. (Blackwood.)

ENGLAND UNDER THE TUDORS.*

This excellent book, which might well stand alone, apparently inaugurates another "Series." Miss Todd has translated it with care, though here and there the sentences retain a considerable Teutonic vagueness. The volume belongs decidedly to the newest and best historical school, appealing more to the expert than to the general reader. There are 300 pages of text, and 150 of appendices, consisting of notes and a review of the authorities, with some supplementary remarks by Mr. Gairdner, to whose labours as a pioneer in the same field the Professor owns his debt.

The history is well arranged. Such questions as commerce, judicial and financial reforms, and political development, are reserved for exhaustive treatment in a separate chapter. The continuous narrative, we must own, somewhat disappoints us. It sometimes seems disconnected and leaves curious gaps. Thus we hear much of Warbeck's failures to fit out an expedition, and then suddenly he descends upon the coast without any explanation of his setting out. Of course the peculiar note of the period is the singular, the unaccountable dearth of information on many notorious events. Witness the darkness which envelops the doings of Cabot and the other English adventurers. The obscurity as to the previous ten years is no doubt much greater, but then that can be easily accounted for. To the diplomatic history—and it was essentially an age of treaties,—Professor Busch has devoted great labour. More valuable and much more interesting is his treatment of the revival of English commerce, wherein he corrects many highly popular errors. Of Henry he gives a favourable and we think a convincing portrait. The crafty miser of our school books is toned down into the typical English business-man. Such in fact Henry was—a professional statesman and a professional king. Without vanity, without scruples, without illusions, he threw himself wholly into his work, and did it well.

Not the least valuable part of the book is the elaborate criticism of the authorities for the period, an indispensable inquiry which historians were formerly content to dispose of by an occasional footnote. Accuracy is Professor Busch's peculiar aim, so I was surprised that even on a point of English local antiquities he should have tripped. Lady Katharine Gordon, the widow of Perkin Warbeck, was not buried under her effigy at Swansea, but at Eyfield, in Berkshire, where her fine tomb survived the late fire. However, Mr. Gairdner corrects this in his supplement, giving a minute account of her four marriages.

Dr. Busch has not given us the final, definitive History of Henry VII., for which we shall probably have to wait for many years; but he has advanced very far beyond his predecessors, and has brought together a mass of material which will be indispensable to any future inquirer. It is no small honour for him thus to hold the field first occupied by the illustrious Bacon, to whose great history, however, he justly refuses the rank of an original authority. Y. Y.

* 'England Under the Tudors.' Vol. I., Henry VII. By Dr. Wilhelm Busch. (Innes & Co.)

THE FAERIE QUEENE.*

Eminently suggestive of pictures, not only in 'The Faerie Queene' and in 'The Shepherd's Calendar,' but in many a line of 'Astrophel' and the Hymns of Love and Beauty, Spenser has nevertheless till now had few illustrators. Unas and Gentle Knights pricking on the plains have been frequent enough on gallery walls, but his themes and stories as a whole must surely have some special difficulties about them, for they have not attracted many designers, in spite of their pictorial suggestiveness. The beautiful edition now being issued by Mr. George Allen is

Arbor Vit
The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
Most glorious victory.

From 'The Faerie Queene.'

* Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.' Edited by Thomas J. Wise. Illustrated by Walter Crane. Each part 1os. 6d. (George Allen.)

sufficiently advanced to enable us to judge of the quality of Mr. Crane's illustrations and designs. Watching the numbers one by one critically—all the more critically because he has made a very ambitious attempt—and though here and there differing from the artist in his reading of a character, it is difficult for us to come to any other conclusion than that here we have the best work Mr. Crane has ever produced. He has been given a fair chance—space, a well-shaped page, good paper, good ink, and has, we suppose, had a say in the arrangement of the type. He has made excellent use of his chance. His principal work is the full-page illustrations with decorative borders, one of which we are enabled, by the publisher's kind permission, to reproduce; but there is some pretty workmanship in his chapter headings and tails. He has not entirely avoided a familiar fault of decorative work—once or twice the borders become rather a disturbance to our sense of the central design than a help to it. There are several ways of illustrating Spenser; Mr. Crane has not chosen the only possible one. But his method is at least eminently suited for catching the Spenserian legendary note. The worlds of sense and spirit are so finely balanced in Spenser. The shadowy, bodiless conception of some artists would be as unfitting as the frank earthly beauties of another school. Mr. Crane's, at least, transports you at a bound to the world of imagination; but the stereotyped lines and expressions that characterise much conventional art he has entirely avoided. There is no want of human movement and interest in his pictures. They are good decorations, and they serve also to help our realisation of the poetry, a very different matter.

This edition evidently does not mean to burden itself with notes and learned disquisitions. But the literary part has not been neglected. The text is excellent. A careful comparison with Morris's (the Globe edition), and no more scholarly one exists, has convinced us of the care which has been here bestowed. By the bye, we think it a little confusing to the reader of to-day to see the abstract termination "hed" separated from the rest of the word—"lusty hed," for instance. But beyond such an insignificant detail we can find no fault at all. Mr. Wise has ensured that the edition be something better than a pretty picture-book: it is for the student as well as the book amateur.

The type is a credit to the Chiswick Press, and it is verily a rest for the eye to pass from an ordinary book to this beautiful open page. Editor, illustrator, and printer have combined in a labour of love, and the result is a book of permanent value and pleasure.

THAT SUBTLE SHADE.*

A famous Hindu philosopher once told me that one day, when he was a very young man, he walked on the bank of a great Indian river, reading a volume of erotic Sanscrit verse. He met a Hindu priest, and showed him the book, with the remark, "A book like this must be very bad for the world." "It is an excellent book, a wonderful book," said the priest, taking it from him, "but your calling it bad for the world shows it is bad for you," and thereupon dropped the book into the great river. Before the reviewing of Mr. Symons' 'London Nights' has come to an end, it is probable that a number of people will, if the Hindu priest spake truth, have borne witness against themselves, for the bulk of it is about musical halls, and what its author names "Leves Amores," and a little is a degree franker than Mr. Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads'; and yet, though too unequal and experimental to be called "an excellent book, a wonderful book," it contains certain poems of an "excellent" and "wonderful" beauty peculiar to its author's muses. A great many of the poems are dramatic lyrics, and Mr. Symons' muses have not enough of passion, or his rhythms enough of impulse, to fuse into artistic unity the inartistic details which make so great a part of drama; he is at his best when simply contemplative, when expounding not passion, but passion's evanescent beauty, when celebrating not the joys and sorrows of his dancers and light o' loves, but the pathos of their restless days. But in either mood he is honest and sincere, and honesty and sincerity are so excellent, that even when about immoral things, they are better for the world than hectic and insincere writing about moral things. It is sometimes well for poetry to become a judge and pronounce sentence, but it has always done all we have the right to demand, when it has been an honest witness, when it has given the true history of an emotion; and if it do so it serves beneficence not less than beauty, because every emotion is, in its hidden essence, an unfallen angel of God, a being of uncorruptible flame. It may have been some idea of this kind, though more probably it was but the fascination of a delightful phrase, which induced Mr. Symons to put into the mouth of "an angel of pale desire" verses which at once describe and embody his more admirable inspiration:—

"An angel of pale desire
Whispered me in the ear
(Ah me, the white-rose mesh
Of the flower-soft, rose-white flesh!)
'Love, they say, is a fire,
Lo, the soft love that is here.

'Love, they say, is a pain
Infinite as the soul,
Ever a longing to be
Love's to infinity,
Ever a longing in vain
After a vanishing goal.

'Lo, the soft joy that I give
Here in the garden of earth;
Come where the rose-tree grows;
Thine is the garden's rose,
Pluck thou, eat and live
In ease, in indolent mirth.'"

At once the charm and defect of the book is that its best moments have no passion stronger than a "soft joy" and a "pale desire"; and that their pleasure in the life of sensation is not, as in Mr. Davidson's music-hall poems, the robust pleasure of the man of the world, but the shadowy delight of the artist. When it broods, as it does far too often, upon common accidents and irrelevant details, it is sometimes crude, sometimes not a little clumsy; but it is wholly distinguished and beautiful when it tells of things an artist loves—of faint perfume, of delicate colour, of ornate and elaborate gesture.

"Olivier Metra's Waltz of Roses
Sheds in a rhythmic shower
The very petals of the flower;
And all is roses,
The rouge of petals in a shower.

* * * * *

Alone apart, one dancer watches
Her mirrored, morbid grace;
Before the mirror face to face
Alone she watches
Her morbid, vague, ambiguous grace.

Before the mirror's dance of shadows
She dances in a dream,
And she and they together seem
A dance of shadows;
Alike the shadows of a dream."

On the whole, then, Mr. Symons must be congratulated upon having written a book which, though it will arouse against him much prejudice, is the best he has done; and none who have in their memory Shelley's 'Defence of Poetry' will condemn him because he writes of immoral things, even though they may deeply regret that he has not found an ampler beauty than can be discovered under "that subtle shade."

W. B. YEATS.

* 'London Nights.' By Arthur Symons. (L. C. Smithers.)

CERVANTES.*

Mr. Watts must be counted among the happy men, for he has been loyal to an enthusiasm for a great man and a great book; he has spent years of labour in making the glory of these shine brighter, and has never once dishonoured their

* 'The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha.' By Miguel Cervantes Saavedra. Done into English by Henry Edward Watts. 4 vols. New Edition Revised. (A. and C. Black.)
'Miguel de Cervantes, His Life and Works.' By Henry Edward Watts. New Edition Revised and Enlarged. (A. and C. Black.)

great names by slovenliness or pedantry. About the worth of such work as his there can be no doubt, and the legions of writers of feeble originalities might well envy him. His reward he may never entirely reap; but one would hope that frequent rumours might reach him of fires lit by him in other hearts, or of smouldering ashes rekindled by the torch of his enthusiasm. We have few good translators to-day, and Mr. Watts deserves a clearer commendation than being named in the first rank. His 'Don Quixote' is among the notablest renderings of foreign classics that England has ever produced. We have all read the immortal book in other versions, Shelton's, if we were fortunate, or Motteux's, or Jarvis's, and, even if we are not Spanish scholars, we did not need to wait for Mr. Watts to see the wit and the beauty of the romance. But he has certainly made us faithless to the 'Don Quixotes' of our childhood. The sentiment clinging about tattered and bethumbed old volumes, conned by several generations, vanishes before this prosaically brand-new book. Faithful and accurate as are its renderings, and numerous and painstaking as are its notes, these cold virtues cannot chill us, coming as they do in the company of such loving enthusiasm for the spirit as well as the letter, such zest for the colour and the savour of the original.

These books may be treated as new. The first editions were strictly limited. And to the second have gone much revision, a little compression, some addition in the notes, and considerable enlargement in the biography. This best of all the English versions is one for the general household library; for the publishers have placed it within the reach of most who are willing to make a little sacrifice for books; and what other book, save Shakespeare, is there that can so effectively wrest time from the greedy grasp of the worthless rubbish of the day? None the less is it the edition for the scholar; its notes, its learned appendices on the romances of chivalry, on the chronology and the itinerary of Don Quixote, and other matters, summarise the results of the best and latest research respecting Cervantes. But one thing should be noted. That notes and appendices are made to be skipped—after the examination epoch of one's life—is the fervent belief of one reader who nevertheless read all these, and who found entertainment in them when he was in no mood for instruction. This is a test of intelligent editing, that a reader with a merely human interest in the classic should be tempted to share all the editor's wanderings. This one takes you into no obscure corners unless he knows of something curious or interesting. So much for a translation which made an honourable reputation on its first appearance, but which merits special mention now in its revised and popular form.

Mr. Watts has virtually written three lives of Cervantes. One previously formed the first volume of his 'Don Quixote.' A second appeared in the "Great Writers" series. The present is so amplified and revised a form of the first as to be almost a new book. A comparison between the three will not show much difference in the main sections, perhaps; but besides containing a good many more details of interest, and discussing more fully some doubtful points, the latest version is more harmonious and more readable. He is almost an ideal translator; for his biography it is impossible to say as much. But we can say that it is a delightful book, that it warms the heart with its humanity and enthusiasm, that it is a worthy retelling of a most romantic story. He is a special pleader, of course; he is a lover who hates whatever has brought harm to his darling. He has prejudices, and he says hard things when they are uppermost. The Spanish neglect of 'Don Quixote,' and some French translators of the work come in for sweeping condemnation; while Lope de Vega he almost forces us to defend, against our inclinations, by the heat of his indignation. But his partisanship never misleads. Very candid is he respecting facts, and if sometimes he draws too large inferences, you need not follow him. It is too soon yet to join in his suspicions, nay, his certainty, concerning Lope de Vega's connection with Avellaneda's spurious version of the second part of 'Don Quixote.' The connection is not proven, and for the credit of human nature let us be careful of Lope's shaky honour while we can. The unpublished letters of Lope are kept from the light, it is said, because they contain "scandal about Lope the priest and Inquisitor." Mr. Watts evidently expects, on poor evidence, if he confides it all to us, that they contain the full explanation of the great wrong done to Cervantes' literary honour—a pure surmise, but with nothing disingenuous about it. Even if he be unjust there is no great harm done, he possibly thinks, for Lope was in all surety a mean-souled creature; and then he had such a good time of it in life compared with Cervantes. Well, Mr. Watts has a fine subject in man and book. Of all the great writers of the world with whom we have as close an intimacy, which of them is so nobly mated with his finest work? Galley-slave, adventurer, tax-gatherer, literary hack, his life is on the face of it a long series of degradations. Vagabond he was, and wastrel he may have been. But not a rumour of him has come down to us, and not a line has he written but stamp him magnanimous, gentle, and brave. "The most engaging personality in all the world of letters," says his English biographer. And his charm and valour are kept safe for ever in the best-loved book of the Western world.

MY LADY NOBODY.*

The flippant and impatient, after only a slight reading of Mr. Maartens's new book, may be inclined to push it away with a weary sigh to some such effect as this: "Is Holland also—Holland, the old-world—cursed with 'new girls' and their fads of 'purity' and anti-sport, and what not?" But it will be wise for them to take the book up again, and choking down any desire that Ursula Rovers should be duly corrected with a slipper, finish it. It cannot be praised without qualification. It drags a little here and there; the characters neither of Ursula herself nor of the two brothers, her lovers and husbands Otto and Gerard van Helmont, are made as clear as they should be; and Mr. Maartens's command of idiomatic English has been something of a snare to him by teaching him to translate lower class Dutch into English vulgarity—a perilous thing. But it rises in passion satisfactorily, and the rather roughly-outlined character of Harriet Verveen has great merit. The adventuress Adeline, though much more elaborate, is not so successful. The duel scene between Gerard and Count Frechenfels is capital, and the Acheen war-passage good, while the author nearly (not quite) converts us to Ursula herself, and without too great improbability turns his scatterbrain Gerard into a forgiving hero. The people who hate poetical justice and dislike a good end (and indeed any end at all) may not like 'My Lady Nobody,' the origin of which title is one of the inconsistencies in Gerard. Others will think it not far, if at all, inferior to the best that Mr. Maartens has done.

George Saintsbury.

NOTES ON EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL.†

This volume "aims at reproducing, wherever possible, the courses of lectures delivered at Cambridge by Dr. Lightfoot upon those Pauline epistles which he did not live to edit in the form of complete commentaries." It embraces notes on both the epistles to the Thessalonians, on the first seven chapters of first Corinthians, the first seven chapters of Romans, and the first fourteen verses of Ephesians, the last as the Bishop left them ready for the press. The notes on Thessalonians are full, fresh, and satisfying. They are best, perhaps, in their treatment of difficult words, where the author's unrivalled learning and judgment inspire his readers with unusual confidence; but they are by no means simply verbal. Taking them as a whole, they are by far the best commentary on Thessalonians that the English student can consult, and it will be a pity if they are not made more accessible by being published apart. The notes on Romans are interesting, and contain some important discussions of words and phrases; but considering what has been already written on this epistle, they are by no means so important or valuable as those on Thessalonians. A great scholar and historian, Lightfoot was conspicuously lacking in—some would say happily free from—the daring

* 'My Lady Nobody.' By Maarten Maartens. (London: Bentley.)

† 'Notes on Epistles of St. Paul from unpublished Commentaries. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., etc. (Macmillan.)

theological ardour of St. Paul, and sometimes solves the problems with which the apostle wrestled by failing to see them. A good example is found in his note on Romans v. 10. "It is true," he writes, "that New Testament writers do use the expression 'the wrath of God' borrowed from the Old Testament, employing it κατ' ἀνθρωπον and καταχρησικῶς; but when they speak at length upon the subject, the hostility is represented not as on the part of God, but of man." Paul does not evade the wrath of God so easily. It is in the same line that the Bishop asserts that ἐχθρὸς is always active in the New Testament, forgetting Romans xi. 28; and that he simply refuses to think out the connexion of ideas in the end of Romans, chapter iii., because "it is better not to go beyond the language of Scripture." But if students of Pauline theology are disappointed with his treatment of the apostle's ideas, there are many incidental observations, sometimes on apparently minute points, which should prove of service to them; the discussion of the relation of the apostle to the Second Advent, for one; and for another, the note on τε in Romans vii. 7, which ruins some interesting speculations on Paul's pre-Christian experiences. JAMES DENNEY.

THE POEMS OF MR. AND MRS. RADFORD.*

Mr. Radford's verses, which are mainly gathered from three previous books, show rather a genuine feeling for poetry than any definite accomplishment. His work is stamped with a character, but it is the character of a personality more than of a poet. Throughout an individual note rings very truly, at times full of whimsicality, often satiric, not infrequently tender, but most commonly of all ironic. Mr. Radford's real sympathies and the proper bent of his mind are illustrated in his affection for Heine. Indeed, the better pieces of this volume are translations and not original verses. This may seem an unkind remark to pass upon the work of any aspiring poet, but it need not appear so hard when one remembers that decent poets are fairly numerous, and decent translators extremely rare. Mr. Radford translates Heine, who has been over and over again pronounced untranslatable, with sympathy, intelligence, and simplicity—qualities which make a golden translator. Above all is he simple; he never budges from the text. His reading is severe and almost word-for-word, and yet runs fluent in line. The difficulty of attaining this seeming ease can only be gauged by those who have tried the gentle art of translation. Take, for example, that fine poem beginning "Ich Grolle Nicht." This is how Mr. Radford renders it:

"I must endure: tho' my sad heart should break,
O Love for ever lost! I must endure.
And thou mayest shine in diamonds bedight—
They shed no lustre o'er thy bosom's night.

I've known it long. In dreams that troubled rest
I saw night chambered in thy loveless breast;
Saw serpents feeding in its inmost part,
And saw, lost Love, how thou wert sick at heart."

The restraint is excellent, and the fidelity admirable. One has only to compare such a version as this with one by Sir Theodore Martin to realise Mr. Radford's superiority. Nor is this a picked sample; everywhere Mr. Radford maintains an even felicity, particularly, to instance another poem, in "Herz, mein Herz, sei nicht beklommen." But it is precisely his sympathy with Heine which makes his own verse so derivative. In his earlier poems he was frankly the irresponsible rhapsodist of his alma mater. Later this whimsical vein developed, apparently, into a mood which resembles Calverley in his less frivolous moments. This spirit you may see in such verses as "Introspection" and "Lost Friends." His more casual verses do not commend themselves, and it seems a pity that they were not left to blush in their own several volumes. But here is a very good specimen of the Heinesque.

"'The days will be long,' she murmured:
Her tears in his bosom fell.
'But a little while,' he answered,
As loth to say Farewell.

"So the Farewell was not spoken:
Her lover crossed the main,
And the days *were* long while she waited,
And watched till he came again.

"Too hard to be spoken at parting!
Her lover came back, and they tell
How they met, and how sweetly he uttered
(After long days of waiting) Farewell."

But Mr. Radford has a tune of his own, independent of Heine, which he may one day develop. In the meantime here is a characteristic stanza or two:

"To-day shall be no song, Love,
Here quiet now with thee;
No song holds all my love, Love.
So singing shall not be.

"Let my hands frame thy face, Love;
Take this kiss for thy brow;
And these for thy tired lids, Love;
Ah! tears, not singing, now."

If Mr. Radford writes with a prevailing sense of the ironic, Mrs. Radford's verses are merely the counterpart of her husband's. They are informed with a gentle spirit of complete faith and tenderness. You feel that she is in her proper attitude to life when she is inditing pretty versicles of timorous hope and joy and fear and regret. There is never an inordinate touch of passion in these little lyrics. They are far from the great highways, and wander pleasantly through the lanes and meadows of human experience. The genius is domestic; it sits by the fire, and regards the past with tender and submissive regret, the present with amiable joy, and the future with a wistful wonder. The air and attitude are that of a child, or that of a woman, if you like. The storms blow over Mrs. Radford's head; we are in a pretty arcadia, when we read her verses, where the passions are faded into quiet shadows, which are likely to do no one any harm. There we may be as full of dim sentiments as we please, and extract a sweet content out of all our mild emotions. Aspirations become guileless, and desires innocent; witness these pretty verses:

"Because I built my nest so high,
Must I despair
If a fierce wind, with bitter cry,
Passes the lower branches by,
And mine makes bare?

"Because I hung it, in my pride,
So near the skies,
Higher than other nests abide,
Must I lament if far and wide
It scattered lies?

"I shall not build and build my best,
Till, safety won,
I hang aloft my new-made nest,
High as of old, and see it rest
As near the sun."

In this pacific house of dolls we may look for no rude violence. For anything save sweetness you may search Mrs. Radford's verses in vain, though the stanzas entitled "To a Stranger" have a deeper sense in parts.

H. MARRIOTT WATSON.

* 'Old and New.' A collection of Poems by Ernest Radford. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.)
'Songs and Verses.' By Dollie Radford. (London: John Lane. 1895.)

THE MOUNTAIN LOVERS.*

Let us regard Fiona Macleod's 'Pharais' and 'The Mountain Lovers' as experiments, and this not merely in concession to our halting and wavering judgments. The initiator of a movement is entitled to gratitude over and above that which the success achieved may entitle. These particular books have something in them which must attract certain temperaments, and which, as certainly, will repel others. Let the experimenter's honour, at least, be claimed for Fiona Macleod. Untempered praise is comfortless. Let

* 'The Mountain Lovers.' By Fiona Macleod. 3s. 6d. (John Lane.)

us be content to be interested, to be charmed very often, and to wait for more. It may be for Fiona Macleod we are waiting, it may be for some one else. We have been waiting long. Taking the books at their lowest estimate, then, as experiments, they are attempts to reveal the heart of a foreign country within our own shores, a tract lying across the Scottish border, in which Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crockett are aliens as much as are the dwellers in the South, a country of a different language, and of a different accent and vocabulary when it uses its neighbour's tongue; to a large extent of a different religion, different ideas, different (and fewer) aptitudes; a country in which, since bardic days, poetry has expressed itself but seldom in written words, the home of a people at once highly poetical and unliterary. Tourists with a turn for fiction have travestied their speech and character; immediate neighbours, between whom and themselves, even in these peaceful days, there is a tacid feud, have found in them endless materials for jokes. Their history and legend have been told over and over again by appreciative outsiders, but seldom with the native flavour. Their poetry is lost, or untranslated, or dishonoured by vague and mawkish English words; their music given to the winds to keep, the winds that made it. Scott, the Borderer, skirted the country, and, poet that he was, in a chapter or two, a character or two, more especially in a song or two, spoke out its heart. Stevenson, Lowlander of the Lowlanders, by his genius and sympathy was inspired to make Alan Breck,—as Loti, an alien in Brittany, made for himself and us a friend in 'Mon Frère Yves.' For the rest the Celtic Scot, or more correctly—for this is no mere question of race, and the Celts are everywhere, but of environment, history, and local circumstance—the Scottish Highlander is unknown still, till he travels, and amalgamates, and leavens the race he mates with. He is not altogether to be read in his more articulate Irish brother; he has a mind and character widely differing from his Welsh and Breton cousins, though all the family records concern him. The notable attempt made by Macpherson in the last century had its ludicrous sides, which help to explain some of the ridicule it excited in the literary England ruled by the prejudices as well as the powers of Dr. Johnson, and though the *Bardengebrüll* it gave rise to in Germany was sometimes foolish, yet Ossian, sham and real, was to Goethe an inspiration. Its spirit travelled throughout Europe with a speed and force that almost stamp our later poetry—save Byron's—as insular, by contrast. The modern poetry of nature owes it an unpayable debt, and to every Celtic heart the Ossian rhapsodies have a reality.

The talent or the ambition to express himself has been hitherto much lacking in the Highlander, and perhaps poetry would be the form most natural to him. But Fiona Macleod has made the attempt in a kind of poetic fiction. She attempts, perhaps luckily, little in the way of plot or circumstance of time more definite than this:—"The tragic end of Anabal Gilchrist, the doom that had fulfilled itself for Torcall Cameron; what was either but apiece with the passing of the ancient language, though none wished it to go; with the exile of the sons, though they would fain and live and die where their fathers wooed, their mothers; with the coming of strangers and strange ways, and a new bewildering death-cold spirit, that had no respect for the green graves, and jeered at ancient things and the wisdom of the old—strangers whom none had sought, none wished, and whose coming meant the going of even the few hill-folk who prospered in the Machar, the fertile meadows and pastures along the mountain bases?" The ancient language has been passing long; the sons began to wander long ago. Any time from the '45 to the tourist-ridden present would serve as date. And the story would fit any age. Two young lovers separated by the feuds of their houses, two old ones by the hate bred by love wronged and distorted, and the irresponsible influence on their lives of a child and a dwarf with a half-developed mind—there is little more in it. The dwarf's search for his soul, the child's pranks and elfin singing, love-making, birth, peaceful and tragic death, such are the human contents of the tale, which has less interest as a story than as the fulfilment of an intention. The incidents and characters are there to mark a spirit, the spirit of a humanity that has needed no luxurious epoch, little intellectual or priestly training to purify its soul, that, in its best instances, save under strong excitements, is tender, mild, religious, and poetical, and living in near and sensitive intimacy with nature. So, at least, in 'The Mountain Lovers' does Fiona Macleod read the Highland character and genius, with greater power, I think, than in 'Pharais.' The strongest of all the Celtic passions, the love for earth and sky, may exist without much first-hand observation of nature, may be expressed by rhapsodies that could not be disentangled into the components of their inspiration; but Fiona Macleod does not run this danger. Here, first of all, has she attained to genuine power. One thing I have noted with doubt. It is more a query than a criticism in my mind. There is a note in her writing which sounds particularly modern,—the cry of the woman for her burden. Is this a Celtic revival? Or merely a rather incongruous borrowing from present discontents? This descent of the Scandinavian pirate on the Isles is, however, an interesting, if inharmonious disturbance of the spirit of both books—it appeared in 'Pharais,' too.

Her story no more purposes to reveal the whole character of the Highland Celt than does 'Hermann and Dorothea,' for instance, purpose to summarise the Teuton. It breathes merely of their poetical sense and their affections. And the writer is not to blame if a susceptible Southern reader go in vain search of Oona and Alan and Sorcha, in his autumn holiday, and find only persons of very different pattern. The Highlander of to-day, as of yesterday, has such threads in his character, and for the purposes of pastoral poetry and of fairy-tale they are fitting, besides forming an effective contrast to the shrewdness, the sternness, the hard energy, of the Scot portrayed in popular Lowland fiction. I do not moan over what she has omitted. Many and many a page has charmed me. She has led the way; and in further developments the music of the strathspey may mingle with the love-song and the coronach; we may catch glimpses of a more whole and varied Highlander than she has given us—both wild and mild; humorous and morose; gentle and fanatic; enthusiast and pagan; fiddler, dreamer, and dancer; demonstrative to shame any decent Englishman, and with reserves deep as the gullies in his hills; frugal, enduring, patient; endlessly indolent, suddenly fierce. Modern life has reached him now, and remade him partly, but the re-making is only, I think, skin deep.

Annie Macdonell.

SISTER SONGS.*

There is a glittering coloured surface on Mr. Thompson's poetry, with a distracting wealth of hybrid design. A reader may not be to blame who gets no further than the surface, who either stays to admire, to revel in shape and hue and image, or who flees from the sight of a nightmare pattern, lawless, restless, and unfamiliar. More apparent than in the earlier volume are his wealth, or his lavishness, or his barbaric splendour—whatever name, kind or unkind, you call the quality by—more apparent, too, his loving craft, or his painful laboriousness. Of even delight there need be no expectation. Of spontaneity, in the design and detail, there is little, I think, but would speak guardedly, for spontaneity has not always simple utterance. One could fill long pages with perfectly well-grounded complaints regarding a craftsman who handles his materials with love, and who nevertheless is incredibly careless, who loses himself in strange confusion of delights, and forgets the oversight that breeds harmony. The critical reader may be left to do it for himself. But he will not have judged Mr. Thompson finally by saying he dislikes such lines as—

> "Some with languors of waved arms,
> Fluctuous oared their flexile way,
> Some were borne half resupine
> On the aërial hyaline."

One is certainly tempted by fatigue, or by enjoyment, to go no further than the surface, than what delights and interests or irritates the eye as it reads. And, whether attracted or repelled, inhuman poetry does it then appear. But his poetry is not this mere shell. It has an outside, hybrid in design, flamboyant, erring in art through laboured searching

* 'Sister Songs.' By Francis Thompson. 5s. (John Lane.)

for it, original, and only wanting in strength through excess of varied vigour. So the façade and the doors. But there is reason for entering. It is very dark inside, bare, not cheerful, echoing with prayers and songs. These are not difficult or alien, or ambitious; most recognisable, indeed, are they, the prayers and songs of human suffering A strange poem is this he has written to two little children, inchoate, unfitting its subject, complex and difficult and heavy, where light simplicity seems by every law demanded, yet moving the heart as does hardly another poem of to-day. Before this he has said to any who may search for his face in the other world—

"Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod
Among the bearded counsellors of God;
. . . . .
Look for me in the nurseries of heaven."

The loved and the sad lover are here pathetically contrasted—the aerial innocence and irresponsible grace with the ugliness through which a soul has passed that has bought experience. Says he to the lady of Spring—

"Oh, keep still in thy train
After the years when others therefrom fade,
This tiny, well-beloved maid!
To whom the gate of my heart's fortalice,
With all which in it is,
And the shy self who doth therein immew him
'Gainst what loud leaguers battailously woo him,
I, bribed traitor to him,
Set open for one kiss."

And, in reply, Spring's lady says to Sylvia,

"mine immortalising
Touch I lay upon thy heart,
Thy soul's fair shape
In my unfading mantle's green I drape,
And thy white mind shall rest by my devising
A Gideon-fleece amid life's dusty drouth."

Yet a child's soul is a temple, and the dusty wayfarer will not too much linger in its way.

"I will not feed my unpastured heart
On thee, green pleasaunce as thou art,
To lessen by one flower thy happy daisies white."

But the child has given him what cannot die out of him:

"This fragile song is but a curled
Shell out-gathered from thy sea,
And murmurous still of its nativity."

Even a reviewer may have his reticences. And the most beautiful passage of the book this one would rather tell a reader to search for than write out here. It is a tragic idyll of city childhood, an experience seen and lived through by one lying in suffering underneath "the abashless inquisition of each star." Mr. Thompson builds a defence for himself with many distracting and arresting figures on its outer walls. And he has need of it. Once penetrate, and there lies a soul laid bare. Yet he passes with some for an impersonal, inhuman poet.

This tragic contrast between childhood, gay, free, and exquisite, and the maturity of a poet with experiences terribly bought, is the main theme. There are other incidental points of interest. Among them is his doctrine of the soul, that it

"has no parts, and cannot grow,
Unfurled not from an embryo,
Born of full stature, lineal to control,"

and has to wait for the body's and the mind's increase of power ere it fulfil itself. Another is his expression of the irresponsibility of the poet:—

"Where the last leaf fell from his bough,
He knows not if a leaf shall grow,
Where he sows he doth not reap,
He reapeth where he doth not sow;
He sleeps, and dreams forsake his sleep
To meet him on his waking way.
Vision will mate him not by law and vow."

Of such substance and texture is the poem—unsingable songs to two children, offending and exalting at every other moment, made by a poet who, with an intimate knowledge of the eternal simple verities that appeal to all the world, sings these to the few, a poet, let us add, resignedly, or gratefully, but finally, who is unteachable by critics, literary or otherwise.

"Let workaday wisdom blink sage lids thereat;
Which towers a flight three hedgerows high, poor bat!
And straightway charts me out the empyreal air.
Its chart I wing not by, its canon of worth
Scorn not, nor reck though mine should brew it mirth."

A. M.

FRENCH MEN AND FRENCH MANNERS.*

Mr. Vandam's former books are partly responsible for our attitude towards this one, no doubt; for 'French Men and French Manners' is milder, fairer, actually more what the writer always claims to be, impartial, and yet it hardly modifies our opinion at all concerning his value as a serious witness. He has given us reason to expect certain views from him, and very likely we read expectations too often into his words. But though there are fewer serious accusations, less slander, and more caution in this book, the bias is there nevertheless. Bias need not make a man a worthless witness. There is often much truth to be got from partisans—truth that can with difficulty, indeed, be got elsewhere. But bias is of two kinds, that which comes from love, and that which comes from hate and discontent. The latter is always misleading, and it is Mr. Vandam's. He is in a peculiar position, almost a Frenchman in his knowledge of Parisian ways, with a trained journalist's aptitude for observation, and with opportunities from boyhood onwards of intercourse with French men and things, yet by instinct and temperament exceptionally unsympathetic to the nation with whose externals he is so familiar. There is hate in his whole attitude to modern France, and you read it even in the criticisms which are mildly expressed, and in his damning faint praise where he can find no fault. The ideals at the back of some French failures do not exist for him. But that does not prevent his being an excellent observer. He is a diligent hunter for copy; his eye and ear are quick, his memory tenacious, and if he did not have pretensions to be something bigger than a journalist, not a fault could be found with him. His stories are often good; he leads us into curious company, finds us an entry at doors which would not open to us without his conduct, and is a brisk, intelligent, rousing guide through Paris bye-streets.

Unfortunately he makes inferences, and is by way of being a philosophical looker-on. His inferences are often merely silly; there is not one of his reflections but courts contradiction. In this respect he is not a little like that entertaining popular scientist, Signor Lambroso, whose works are collections of curious and interesting anecdotes, which might prove a thousand other theories as readily as the ones he seeks to illustrate. Mr. Vandam's introduction contains some very lengthy and almost fatuous remarks about Parisians. They only amount in the end to the fact that it is the provincial element in the city that makes itself felt, and seen, and heard. There is a most elaborate argument to this effect, shakily supported by much irrelevant information. As if any reader could be so ignorant of the facts of life in a modern Western capital as to need even to be reminded, much less convinced, of such a matter. Mr. Vandam's inaptitude for observation of anything save externals is seen in things great and small. His misunderstanding of the motives, good and bad, which inspire French statesmen is really one with the limitation of intelligence which makes him give as the reason for English schoolboys being manly that they wear top-hats. He hardly likes anything in France — politics, newspapers, the pawnbroking system, the concierge, the education of boys and girls, all are lamentably unsatisfactory. Doubtless he is often right. He is the kind of man to spot weaknesses. Another, of more imagination, of more understanding and sympathy with an alien point of view, would not make so good an inspector. There is always something in his complaints, and, while liberty is left us to make our own modifications and draw our own inferences, let us be grateful for the information he has got together. There is a capital chapter on the life of a French soldier,

* 'French Men and French Manners.' By Albert D. Vandam. (Chapman and Hall.)

and the accounts he gives of the obscure industries of Paris are excellent bits of descriptive journalism. His investigation among the rag-pickers, under the conduct of Papa Alexandre, and his interview with that eccentric musician, the "professeur de cris," who instructs pupils with little musical ear in the cries belonging to their particular trade, accompanying their efforts on the violin, are pleasantly told. His account, too, of the circular-addressing establishments, with the delightful anecdote of the enterprising man who perambulated Paris looking out for lame people, getting, where possible, their names and addresses on the strength of information about a wonderful appliance for their relief, who then supplied the names and addresses to an inventor of such an appliance, charging a commission on the orders, and who meant to continue his business among the deaf, the near-sighted, and the stammerers—all this and similar passages are good reading, suggestive to the student of humanity, and an example to the unenterprising of the writer's profession. The last chapters are the best. Let us be thankful for that, for we leave Mr. Vandam in a grateful mood.

NOVEL NOTES.

LYRE AND LANCET. A Story in Scenes. By F. Anstey. Novel Series. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Anstey's is the safest of the lighter books to recommend to holiday-seekers. Even read under less tolerant influences than sea and moorland air, it is still highly diverting. Yet Mr. Anstey has made it hard for himself to succeed. His wild extravaganza is based on the mixing up of an unhealthy, conceited young poet and a vet. at a country house, the one there for pleasure, the other on business. It seems on the face of it impossible to keep the thing up for more than a scene or two without foolishness. And each fresh development creates a new difficulty, an improbability hardly to be got over. Every now and again a reader looks ahead and says, Now he is going to be merely absurd, and the fun will cease. But his ingenuity at least keeps pace with his readers' anxiety, and through four-and-twenty parts he pursues his delightful fooling. Satire is too serious a word to call it by; but with the aid of a large house-party he is able to hit off good-humouredly the foibles of nearly all the prominent society types of to-day. The servants' hall and housekeeper's room, too, are stages for the revelation of most varied character; while in the drawing-room the literary young woman, the sporting young woman, the democratic, autocratic aristocrat with a dozen missions, the stupid, shy young man with the heart of gold, and ever so many more, play their parts to perfection. Mr. Anstey generally expresses average ideas in his satire or fun, but his sympathy for the average and the obvious point of view cannot invariably be counted on; and his generosity to Mr. James Spurrell, M.R.C.V.S., in making him so good a gentleman at the back of his horsey talk, at least in comparison with Mr. Galfrid Undershell, minor poet, would be beyond the reach of most popular satirists.

A SUMMER IN A CAÑON. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 3s. 6d. New Edition. (Gay and Bird.)

This is a new book over here, and it appears just at the right time. It is written for young people, and it will please the best of them. It is a favourite with other folks, too, and may give holiday suggestions to all ages. What its effect may be on unfortunate boys and girls doomed to spend their holidays on shingly beaches and staring parades, or with full-dress hotel company, we cannot precisely say. But at least the spirited ones will register a vow that when they arrive at years of independence they will forswear the dwellings of brick and mortar and take to the woods as did the lucky folks whose doings are chronicled here. The doings were not very adventurous, but when four boys and four girls, with a few tolerant grown folks, camp out in a fine climate, there is sure to be plenty of fun. This kind of story is made better in America than with us. It is moral and improving, but in an unobtrusive way; and it has no primness at all; the fresh open air sweeps through it.

THE SALE OF A SOUL. By F. Frankfort Moore. 1s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

The leading lady here felt, after five years of marriage, her soul too great for her surroundings, her individuality pooh-poohed, and her aspirations neglected by a husband immersed in the business of the State. So she made up her mind to sell this great soul, and thinking Mr. Stuart Forrest would be a liberal purchaser, joined him in a voyage to the West Indies. The neglectful husband mysteriously turned up, behaved affably to Mr. Forrest, and gave his wife uncomfortable doubts about her projected bargain. The husband is diabolically clever, and sees through stone walls; he is a magnanimous cynic on a great scale. In the end the wife changes her mind about the best purchaser for her valuable commodity—which has gone down in price in the estimate book of her mind, however—and she and her husband have an adventurous time together floating on a raft and on a derelict ship, till a steamer saves them for the domestic felicity which is to begin now in earnest for them both.

THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.)

Bessie Costrell is the central figure in a story altogether different from any that Mrs. Ward has written before. Many critics advised her over and over again to give up the popular social-and-religious-pamphlet novel, and, whether at their instigation or not, she has entered another field. The new story, simpler in subject, is really far more ambitious than her former ones, for it deals with a kind of life where Mrs. Ward's advantages of culture, her acquaintance with the ways of thought of educated and intellectually aspiring persons, are of no use at all. Knowledge of human nature, sympathy with what has hitherto been outside her keenest interests, are the requisites for success. To succeed here is to be a real novelist, as distinguished from a descriptive reporter of more or less temporary phases of life and thought. It is astonishing that the writer of 'Robert Elsmere' and 'David Grieve' has succeeded so far as she has done. In some important features the book must be pronounced distinctly good. There is no tone of patronage in it; there is no wailing over the fact that the villagers of Clinton Magna have few aspirations after high things. There is a philosophical acceptance of life as it very often is—stolid, unideal, and sordid—in any English village. If surprise at this be offensive to Mrs. Ward's admirers, let our hearty acknowledgment of her now proven humanity serve as apology. The writing, too, is, we think, the best she has put into a work of fiction; it is more compressed, more vigorous, and especially where scenery has to be described, more artistically effective than she has led us to expect from her. Nevertheless, we lay down the book with deep dissatisfaction. What did she write it for? What else does it give in the end but gratuitous pain? Bessie Costrell is a village woman who is given an old man's savings to guard. They are considerable in amount. She steals the money, sovereign by sovereign, and drinks and treats her neighbours, and when all is found out, commits suicide. The tale has its possibilities. But to make it a tragedy our pity, our sympathy, or our indignation must be roused. Temptation, resistance, final surrender, remorse, struggle, and despair, are almost the inevitable course of the writer who could make us regard this as anything save a sordid, commonplace tale. But Mrs. Ward's Bessie Costrell seems only a woman with intemperate instincts and a weak intellect, who succumbs with great ease to an unlucky opportunity, and who kills herself because she is afraid of the policeman. A kind of feeble love for her children she has, and some awe of her stern husband; but of grief for her degradation, or of understanding how she has made an old man's life shipwreck, not a glimmering. Tragedy for the world there may be in this very poverty of nature, but it is of a kind best covered over, for it hardly once rouses the purifying moods of pity, or indignation, or sorrow.

A GENDER IN SATIN. By Rita. (Unwin.)

'A Gender in Satin' is a story in "Rita's" later, more knowing, and less able manner. The treatment of society, its vices, foibles, and fashions, needs a subtler mind. Her virtuous persons are a little, not too virtuous, perhaps, but

they breathe virtue a little too ostentatiously, and the wicked and frivolous ones are a trifle too wicked and frivolous. Fine shading is everything in the kind of story she aims at, and it is useless trying that with a stump instead of a point. She hardly knows her characters well enough, though she has a shrewd notion of the trend of the general movements of the day. Even Lady Tabithas, living in remote spots of the Highlands, do not talk broad Scots to-day. And there are other blunders—the greatest being the general reflections which instantly rouse impatience or contradiction. But "Rita" takes sane and wholesome views on the questions that interest her, and it is perhaps a pity to discourage her in her new rôle as a reformer of society.

THE HEART OF LIFE. By W. H. Mallock. 3 vols. (Chapman and Hall.)

Mr. Mallock's new novel is well adapted for making elegant extracts from; and the extracts would not only be elegantly expressed, they would be fragrant with delicate sentiment, and suggestive of profitable trains of thought. His novels are more or less commonplace books, in which, day by day, he jots down reflections and aphorisms, notes on the events and tendencies of the time, and sketches of character. They are thus timely, and they give one something to think and talk about. But of permanent value there is nothing, save in a few of the reflections; for the notes on social tendencies have been gathered by a partisan, a philosopher, too, maybe, but a philosopher who philosophizes after he has irrevocably taken his side; and the characters are too much like interesting specimens, collected for an illustrative purpose, to weld successfully into a story. It is a serious book, 'The Heart of Life.' No one can look on fiction as a light matter who has attempted to read it. Of the school of Mrs. Humphry Ward, appertaining thereto by its pamphlets in dialogue, and by the solemnity of the central figure, it has yet its own characteristics—a bitterness of conviction on the points where Mr. Mallock feels cocksure for one, grace of diction and subtlety of sentiment for another. Mr. Mallock is a sentimentalist who does not readily find a home for his feelings to-day; and his fastidiousness and discontent give an interesting flavour to anything he writes, though they are not good equipment for a novelist. He very naturally endows his hero with them, but alas! he endows him with little else, unless it be a parliamentary air, and a craving after sympathy for his shadowy personality. Reginald Pole is an aristocrat by birth; he is a man of the world; he has lived much abroad, and has experience of English parliamentary life. These should imply certain definite and robust qualities, but Pole's only quality, of which a reader can be convinced, is his unfailing gentility. A genteel aristocrat! What a blow has Mr. Mallock struck at our ideals. He evidently started out with the idea that Pole should be no milksop,' and went so far as to make him be in love with three ladies at the same time—but always genteelly. Number one, whose connection with him had been close in times past, is now married to an eccentric husband; number two is a fascinating cousin, Countess Shimna; number three, a saintly young woman called Ethel de Souza, who flatters him tremendously. He thinks he is badly treated by all of them—by Pansy, because from her husband's house she writes matter-of-fact and sensible notes in answer to his sentimental effusions; by Shimna, because she marries the wealthy *fiancé* of her girlhood, after casting at Pole, as at all the rest of the world, some fascinating glances; and by Miss de Souza, because she says, though he is the greatest man in the world, she loves him only like a brother. The selfishness of all three, because they do not come and minister balm and healing to the wounded soul of this flourishing young politician, is a terrible thing for his soul to regard. So he whimpers through three volumes—it is genteel and modulated whimpering—about the domestic hearth he would like to preside at, the woman who would sit there ever ready with the ointment, and the prayers he would like to say, but mustn't, because he's an interesting agnostic. Fiction is always illustrated in the mind's eye of a careful reader; and Pole, till his shadowy form sink into oblivion for ever, will sit kid-gloved and with spotless cambric at the grave of those old beliefs which go so well with a long descent, with a fine park in the West of England, and with office in the Conservative party. We are grateful to the delightful parson financier of the simple tastes, who, with a tale of investments in Australian mines and fourteen per cent., gambles away his friends' thousands on the Stock Exchange. Canon Bulman is a flaring caricature, but if his awful fate be a warning to amateur detectives of his order, we say good luck to Mr. Mallock's mission. There are other personages, too, that give variety, piquancy, and a certain up-to-date observation; but the gentility, the air of having the whole gospel of good society entrusted to him, sap the worth and the manliness of even so able a writer as Mr. Mallock. The Heart of Life is, we suppose, the peaceful love of wife and child, and, if possible, the simple religious faith for which his hero was ever searching. On this, when Pole is not his exponent, he speaks with much tenderness and beauty. But life's heart-beats have many meanings: he does not know them all. And they will always be faint and feeble where finnicking gentility makes poor the blood.

OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION. By Mary Anderson. (Chatto.)

Mrs. Anderson has her own way of making novels. In her former one, 'A Son of Noah,' she told the love-story of Shem, The great histories and romances of the world, with their tantalizing and suggestive blanks, set her imagination stirring, and she is not content till she has filled the blanks with pictures and plots of her own invention. Here she has her way with the story of the Moor of Venice, and though the idea excites prejudice, her performance, it must be owned, in great part overcomes it. From Shakespeare she has gone to the chronicle of the time, learnt the history intelligently, and made a picture of the probable adventures of the Moor under Guasperino Dasti, that is striking and forcible. It isn't the best kind of novel to write, maybe, but the experiment is tempting to an imaginative mind like this writer's, and she achieves a very creditable success. Her power of sympathy with far-off minds and conditions of being is very rare. Her literary power is above the average, and though Othello is not a whit more realised at the end of her tale, he is not travestied, and he is made the centre of a new and readable story. Mrs. Anderson will write an excellent historical romance some day.

BY ADVERSE WINDS. By Oliphant Smeaton. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

Mr. Smeaton's story is eight times too long, and puts further difficulties in the way of its readers by a very uninviting style, now commonplace, now pedantically solemn now heavily facetious. The plot is not very probable, but the story told with more simplicity and care, would be good enough for ordinary folks, especially such as have an interest in Edinburgh and Melbourne. The author indeed has some talent, which he hides under bushels of wordiness. But he should not treat so seriously a comic barbarian like Dr. Brown, who thus addresses a lady immediately after she has been almost miraculously roused from what was supposed to be death: "Your case has been most remarkable . . . but it is not unique. There have been others like it. Abercrombie mentions more than one in his 'Intellectual Powers,' and Clouston also refers to the matter in his 'Mental Diseases.'" The overstrain of the intelligence at such a moment would have sent anyone, not an immortal, back to the shades.

MOUNT DESPAIR, and other Stories. By David Christie Murray. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

Half a dozen stories that can be recommended for variety and cheerfulness—for the Mount Despair of the title casts no evil shadow even over its own particular tale. There is one, "The Ghost's Opera," which we think deserved finer treatment; it is a queer story of a long dead musical composer, breathing out his unfulfilled intentions through a descendant, who by individual capacity and training was unfitted to express any thought in musical form at all. It is a pity the idea did not visit Mr. Murray in a painstaking mood. The others will be read with no such disappointment.

GOD-FORSAKEN. By Frederic Breton. (Hutchinson.)

This is a story with an object: the object is to convince its readers that to destroy the belief of an emotionally religious nature is very dangerous. No story ever exactly

illustrated a thesis; and this one does not at all points, but certainly quite enough to keep most readers in agreement. The heroine appears at the beginning of the story as an emotional Catholic; the hero as a clear-headed, unemotional scientist. She marries him without feeling for him very passionate affection, and loses through his companionship her faith in the supernatural. Her affections crave an outlet, and they find such in her passion for a Norwegian musician, who returns her love, but with capricious intervals. Then the scientific husband grows blind, and she becomes, very improbably, his secretary. The situation at the end is difficult, for she has not learned to love the scientist, and she is torn in two between her unextinguished affection for the musician and her feeling that it is wrong to go back to him. Mr. Breton, wishing her to retain our sympathies, felt there was only one course open to him; and he provides for her an escape by sudden death. 'God-Forsaken' is by no means a first-rate story. It is full of a half-digested knowledge of Norwegian literature and of modern social, scientific, and religious theories. But it is by no means commonplace. Christina is a conceivable human being. Her difficulties and emotions and needs are real, and we cannot be indifferent while we read her story. And as for her biographer, we are altogether convinced that the power lies in him to write far better books.

IN DEACON'S ORDERS, Etc. By Walter Besant. (Chatto.)

A volume of short stories by Mr. Besant is always full of variety and of pleasantness. Some of those here are more or less satires on modern failings. "In Deacon's Orders," the mania of religiosity is held up to scorn in its not infrequent alliance with depravity; while in "The Equal Woman," Mr. Besant abjures, for the moment, his usual good-natured strictures on female claims, and gives a wholesome glimpse of at least one woman superior, even mentally, to one individual man. There is little comfort, however, in the story, as the particular man was an unmitigated fool. "Peer and Heiress" is a good example of his agreeable story; "In Three Weeks" is a somewhat poor specimen of his unpleasant variety. But in all these, and in the others, are visible the author's knack of happy ingenuity, and his way of cleverly turning the possibilities and impossibilities that run through his brain into a means of comfortably whiling away his reader's spare time.

A FAMILY OF QUALITY. By the Author of 'On Heather Hill.' 6s. (Hutchinson.)

There is a hero in this book to make a friend of. In a week the story may have passed out of your mind, but the memory of Clarence Egerton will remain. A blundering saint, an impossible eldest son in a "family of quality," he must win every reader's heart, and would make the fortune of a much worse novel than this one. His father is a stiff county magnate, his mother a haughty worldling, his brother a finnicking, selfish, commonplace dandy. They were sorely tried with Clarence, who dressed badly, and brought home poachers, with hospitable intent, who offended dukes, was vulgarly simple-minded, and finally took to out-of-door preaching. Were he merely an unworldly enthusiast, the reader might dislike him, too, but he is so naïvely amusing, so charitable and tolerant to his respectable connections, such a breezy, out-of-door, horsey, unintellectual young man that there is no resisting his untutored charms. For the sake of Clarence, and his serious and amusing doings, we shall gratefully remember 'A Family of Quality,' and look with some eagerness for further readings in humanity from this sympathetic writer.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

QUAINT KOREA. By Louise Jordan Miln. (Osgood.)

Mrs. Miln gave us last year one of the most amusing books of recent travel—'When we were Strolling Players in the East.' Now she has written another which, in many respects, is quite as good. Perhaps she is no more observant than other travellers, but she knows how to make very rare use of her observation when her pen is in her hand. She has a quality few of them seem to possess; we might call it wit, but if we were challenged we could not sustain her reputation for it. Very likely she is only vivacious and entirely unaffected, and with an aversion to pomposity. She does not appear at her best when there are weighty subjects to be discussed—and poor Korea is so situated that the weighty affairs of several states cannot be ignored in speaking of it. Still, if her views on China and Japan may not satisfy politicians, they are her own, formed in the East, and they are brightly, candidly expressed. Whatever is picturesque, whatever appeals to her emotions, she can see and describe admirably. The chapters on Korean women, on the Korean amusements, on some curious Korean customs, are delightful. This "quaint kingdom of the morning calm," as she calls it, fascinated her. You feel Mrs. Miln has been there, and her way of telling what she remembers is like the conversation of a good talker in a company where there is no need to pose. Globe-trotters for "copy" get wearisome after a while, but we cannot help feeling Mrs. Miln would not soon degenerate, and wishing she may wander still and may let us hear from her frequently. 'Quaint Korea' is a good holiday book.

TILLERS OF THE SAND. By Owen Seaman. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Seaman is one of the most accomplished of writers of occasional verse to-day, and his political satires have grace, and, generally, even good nature enough, to make them appreciated beyond the limits of his own party. The political events of the late Administration are the themes of these lyrics and parodies, which are often witty, and perhaps, indeed, always witty enough, for his purpose. The collection is up to date, that is, it sings the defeat of the Liberal Government—

> "I met a stickit Ministry,
> It was but three days old"—

and the imaginary lamentations of the late Cabinet:

> "But see the mourners at the coffin's edge,
> Each shepherd with his own peculiar bill,
> Good honest John with literary quill,
> And shamrock, out of season, at his breast,
> Weeping, 'Ah, who hath reft my dearest pledge?'"

By the time we can notice his verses they will already have grown unseasonable, but Mr. Seaman's inspiration is facile and fertile, and doubtless he will find fresh themes with perfect ease—unless his party's success have a damping effect on his spirits.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF COLERIDGE. Edited with an Introduction by Stopford A. Brooke. (Dent.)

In his preface Mr. Stopford Brooke tells how his intentions with regard to this book of selections became modified. At first it was to contain only Coleridge's very best. But these poems were so few, and not representative enough of the mind of the poet. So he included some delightful ones of the second class. Still Coleridge was not all reflected; therefore a few more not so good were inserted, because they had "not only a strong personal interest, but also illustrated his desultory and wandering verse—drifting phantasies of song. . . . original in form, unshaped by art, yet shaped enough to make us regret that he did not pursue the new veins he opened, and mould their metal into a finished sculpture." A complete and sympathetic criticism of Coleridge's work is summed up in this editorial statement. The selection is indeed as good as could be made, unless some prose passages from the "Friend" had been included in the Golden Book. Mr. Brooke's introduction is an admirable essay; and it is gratifying to see with what enthusiastic admiration he speaks of the Coleridge researches of the late Mr. Dykes Campbell. The Golden Book of Coleridge is one of the many pretty volumes sent out from Aldine House. But the binding strikes us as rather insubstantial.

MASTERS OF ITALIAN MUSIC. By R. A. Streatfield. (Osgood.)

Mr. Streatfield deals only with living Italian composers—Verdi, Boito, Mascagni, Puccini, Leoncavallo, and some lesser known men—and this fact, we confess, caused us to open the book with a good deal of prejudice. Several of these have still to prove themselves worthy of the name of "master." The fulsome praise of the living and the pre-

mature glory assigned to them, are hardly less hurtful than cruel neglect of merit, and such praise was what we expected to find within the covers of this book. We were wrong. Mr. Streatfield is a sensible man, and a cool-headed critic. His treatment of Mascagni is a test of this. "The success of 'Cavalleria,'" he says, "turned Mascagni's head. . . . In a few years he will sober down. 'Cavalleria' will go the way of all ephemeral successes." And he is equally cool in his judgment of Leoncavallo, "who has not yet found his feet." But he is quick to see merit, and that he holds the balance of praise and blame very fairly, all discriminating lovers of music will admit. He has not written a book of permanent value. His essays are not above the level of average newspaper criticism, perhaps. But besides being fair-minded and level-headed, he has collected a great many facts of biographical interest about the modern Italian school in a convenient form, and has compiled a very readable book. Portraits of the composers are given.

POEMS. By John B. Tabb. (John Lane.)

Father Tabb is an American verse-writer of some talent and charm. This little square volume of pretty type and pleasing arrangement of page, contains some brief poems from which we carry away a delightful impression; for a genuinely poetic thought suggested most of them, and when this thought had been suggested he wrote no more. Sometimes again he is decidedly commonplace. His sonnets can be read with respect, but the quatrains and other verses often rouse much warmer feelings, as does "Out of Bounds."

"A Little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
That Sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His Ball!"

MEMORIALS OF A SHORT LIFE. A Biographical Sketch of W. F. A. Gaussen. With Essays on Russian Life and Literature. Edited by the Bishop of Stepney. (Unwin.)

Mr. Gaussen did much to familiarise English readers with modern Russian literature. He died two years ago at the early age of thirty, with but a little of the work fulfilled he had planned to do. His translations of 'A Russian Priest,' 'The General's Daughter,' and 'A Father of Six,' by Potapenko, and of 'A Saghalien Convict,' by Korolenko, all published in the Pseudonym Library, were excellently carried out, and they were but the beginning of what he meant to do in the same field. The biography, written by his sister, and the introduction to the volume, by the Bishop of Stepney, who knew him intimately, will be of interest beyond the circle of his friends; for they are the record of a singularly pure, disinterested, and enthusiastic career. The essays on Russia, its people, and their literature, are of value; but for the hitherto unpublished translation of Potapenko's powerful story 'The Curse of Talent'—the tale of a miserable, over-driven boy musician—readers will be specially grateful.

MAJOR JAMES RENNELL. By Clements Markham. (Cassell.)

Mr. Markham's book is one of a new series which has a right to be born, and to succeed. The Century Science series, of which Sir Henry Roscoe is the general editor, aims at giving a comprehensive survey of modern science, associating each field of investigation with the chief worker in it. Thus 'Clerk Maxwell and Modern Physics' will be the subject of one book, 'The Herschells and Modern Astronomy' that of another. The present volume deals with the rise of modern English geography. Rennell was the first great geographer of our country, and it is doubtful if any of his successors have had the varied aptitudes for the subject which he displayed. During his training in the Navy he was already fitting himself for the investigations in which he obtained such great results. Mr. Markham's account of Rennell's work in Bengal, in Western Asia, and in Africa is admirably clear, and would give to young students a living human interest in a subject which is assuredly worse taught than any other in our schools. The book is not specially meant for schools and colleges, but we hope it may find its way there.

SUNSHINE AND SMOKE. A Book of Verse. By A. E. J. Legge. (Simpkin.)

We will not do Mr. Legge the injustice of calling out his merits over-loudly. The praise of his verse should fittingly be uttered in sober tones. We have not found all of it poetical, and only a little of it has melody. But to have written a book of lyrics that can bend even reviewers to respect from beginning to end is no mean achievement. These songs of life and nature are sincere, independent, thoughtful, and wholesome; and in "Art," in the lines "To Certain Young Gentlemen," and several others, Mr. Legge shows he can be a moralist without being a prig. He is on the side of action, of strenuousness, of earnestness, and laughs at many artistic shibboleths of to-day. A few of his lyrics are dainty and beautiful as lyrics, but it is the robustness of his spirit which gives his verses most of their interest.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

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Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

ATTENDANT.—I cannot give you much encouragement. At present your story is a mere skeleton. You might develop some parts of it—describe the scene of the theft in detail, for instance, or some of the struggles of the suspected man in his search for work; these incidents you mention without making a reader realise them. A good story must be rich or vivid in incident, or it must show more than an elementary understanding of human character. You are plainly a beginner, and I should not be justified in discouraging you yet, or the reverse. In sending MSS. to an editor it is well to see that your amanuensis attends to punctuation, etc.

BEESWING.—This is not much of a story. In spite of their appearance at a hunting party, a race meeting, and a smart wedding, you fail to rouse any interest in the lovers; so their fate is learned with equanimity. Still, you could possibly write very fair society stories, though you have a great deal of the craft to learn yet. I cannot help you better than by pointing out two sentences which are nearly as bad as they could be: (1) "Fate had never dealt," etc., and (2) "He had not meant to marry a woman without," etc. Don't mix up fine sentiments and mere matter-of-fact details in the same sentence.

BOOTLE.—The story reads as if it had been suggested by incidents in real life, and you say this is the case. Nothing is more difficult to deal with, and I cannot say you have been successful. The plot you have chosen would need very subtle powers of character-drawing, keen-edged satire, fine shading. Only a very accomplished story-teller could do it justice. Yours is not above the level of a newspaper report. The characters have no reality at all, not even the villain. Try something much simpler.

CARABINIER.—"Bundling down through the ages" sounds vigorous, but what does it mean? "Hint of" is hardly correct as a verb. The experiences are amusing. You might try a fourth experiment on the editor of a comic paper, and see if he would be influenced by your mysterious force.

CLAY.—I regret to have to answer "No" to all three queries. But you need not be sorry to have written the verses. They show much good sense and a healthy spirit which are not quite frequent enough among verse-makers.

ERICA.—A pleasant romance. Coincidences, however, of the kind you use to temporarily separate Doris and her lover, are much out of fashion. It is told in an artless style, but if it shows no literary ability, it gives promise of your being able, with practice, to write popular stories simply and pleasantly.

H. B. J.—The moral is good, perhaps. The illustration does not convince me. I hope the tenor went to London after all and fulfilled the testing engagement. There is something in the story, but you put it feebly, and rouse contradiction in the reader. Then, in a short sketch of this kind avoid irrelevance. The political talk on board the steamer only distracts and confuses.

H. M. H.—Knit your thoughts better together. Read the first three paragraphs again, and omit what cannot be welded. The last scene is unreal, but something could be made of the story. Its sense and feeling are better than its style.

IAN DHU.—Not bad. You are on the right tack in 'Only Playin'.' No. 1 is rather commonplace, No. 2 has two good lines at the end of

stanza 1. In "Urth" you show an ear for metre, but the piece is spoilt by some incongruities of diction. With the heroic metre you have used, and the talk of mammoths and other ancient matters, familiar phrases like "Things are all right as they are," and "Not so quick to encore," are out of place, especially in the mouths of cavemen. But go on.

JOYCE.—Pretty, and written in a way suitable for its theme. One of the religious papers might accept it, or if not, a local church magazine would be glad to print it. Attend to punctuation, and, by-the-bye, don't begin every new sentence on a new line. Little details of that kind influence the judgments of editors in a hurry.

ADAM MACADAM.—Pretty. It would be more vivid if you had transcribed one, at least, of the boyish romances. Or you could make a fantasy by mixing up in the brain of the over-worked secretary his old Jacobite dreams and his present surroundings, work, or associates. Something is wanted to relieve the monotony. But there is matter in it for a paper or story which would deserve acceptance.

MARSHALL.—An old and favourite theme. I seem to have read it many times, with slight variations. Simple as the story is, it is not very easy to follow your version of it, which is a little confused and a little dull. In a few years' time you will have found the materials for something better.

NEMO.—Pleasant verses. No. 1 is the better. There are awkward lines in No. 2, beginning, "Quite unequalled in completeness." Verse of this kind should be kept free from all lumbering words and sounds.

NOMAH DENIGER.—The "former's name" does not sound well. The composition is very good for your age, but don't hope for success yet. The story as you tell it is highly improbable. The scene in the minister's study becomes almost farcical. Would not ducking in a pond have been a better punishment for the reverend gentleman, and more exemplary to the world at large, than the horrible end you have invented for him?

POOR WILLIAM.—Fairly good. Great care, combined with want of practice, has produced a not very pleasing style, but you are on the road to learning how to tell a story effectively. You might offer this to a paper. Its shortness would be much in its favour.

PUCK.—This won't do. Homeliness is all very well as a garb for a simple pathetic or humorous story, but the uncouthness here goes right through to the core. You have taken as your model the worst in the newer Scottish writers. Read Scott and the other romantics for six months. The style is poor, and there are some blunders in the use of words and in construction—one on p. 2, in sentence beginning, "Her speech."

R. M. H.—I think the sketch is too lengthy for its matter. There is merit in it; it has some humour, much sense, and the writing is creditable. But you repeat things, and you loiter on the way to the point. This kind of sketch should rarely reach a thousand words. If it were turned into a story with incidents, it would be a different matter.

R. N.—Very pretty indeed. The last stanza should be the best, but somehow it is the weakest. I cannot advise you to omit it, as it is necessary to the whole, but it should be altered. The sea, the nightingale, the town, each had a voice you listened to. You drop the idea of the voice in the last stanza, and perhaps therein lies the fault.

SAXON.—It would be a good exercise for you to scan every line of your verse, then to read it aloud. Your ear (for metre, at least) must be very defective. No training is so effectual as reading good poetry aloud. When you have learnt to distinguish between music and jingle you might try verse-making on your own account again. As for the matter, this is sentiment, not poetry. Your mind wants nourishment.

TRODDLES.—It would serve as an incident in a longer children's story. By itself it is not quite good enough.

DIOGENES TUBB.—Good on the whole—has some originality which is rare in a story of the kind. Tom suggests a longer tale. Could you not make him the hero of story of poor life? His contact with the rich folks would give variety. I suggest this, partly because there is a weakness in your story difficult to put one's finger on, but which I think is owing to incompleteness.

F. VILLON.—Story received. It is under consideration.

WALDECK ROAD.—Your work has merits. It is concise, for one thing. It is a trifle bare and colourless, perhaps, but for the kind of story this is a fault on the right side. Let it seek its fortune.

H. D. WEB.—Nice in feeling, but you have chosen a dull way of expressing what you want to say. It should, I think, be done by either a short lyric or by a definite story. The story in your allegory is very thin, and covered over by the sermon. Poetry translated into preaching has always a mawkish effect, even when the sentiment is robust enough.

WOODMANCOTE.—A well-written and thoughtful essay. One part needs revision and, I think, addition. Your views in general are correct, but the pages dealing with the sterility of literature during Napoleon's ascendency want point and need instances. You should here insert a little definite literary history and a little definite literary criticism to strengthen your generalities.

XYGO.—I think since the lines are so long the rhymes should be more frequent. At least I miss something that would be pleasant to the ear. The sense is pretty throughout, and here and there metre and words are harmonious—*e.g.*, last half of stanza 2. You deserve encouragement.

ZAURE.—A very wild story. Poe has told even wilder ones, and we believe them, while we read. But you outrage possibilities without thrilling one very much. The first interview of the member of the secret society with the hero is neither sensational nor romantic nor mysterious—merely foolish. Still, you have a turn for the description of the horrible which I do not wish to discourage. But I should put this story aside for ever, if I were you.

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HORSTMAN, C.—Yorkshire Writers. Richard Rolle of Hampole, 10/6 ..... Sonnenschein

JEFFERIES, RICHARD.—Thoughts from the Writings of, by H. S. H. Waylen, 3/6 ..... Longmans

HUGHES, Mrs., and others.—Second Course of English Straw and Chip Plaiting, 2/- ..... Simpkin

LEIBBRAND, C. H.—This Age of Ours, containing the Book of Problems and the Book of Socialism, 6/- .... Sonnenschein

MARK, J.—Saint and Devil, 1s. ..... Reeves

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MORRIS, W.—The Wood beyond the World, Fine Paper Edition, 21/- ..... Lawrence

One Thousand Answers to One Thousand Questions (*Tit-Bits* Inquiry Column), 2/6 ..... Newnes

Oss, T. F. van.—Stock Exchange Values, 1885—1895, 15s. net

OXENFORD, I.—The New Chirology (Hands and Character), 2/- Roxburghe Press

PENBELOW, J. N.—England *v.* Australia, 1/- ..... Arrowsmith

[*Cricketers should note. Mr. Penbelow gives the full scores and bowling analyses, lists of centuries, batting and bowling averages, and some personal details of the players in some notable compaigns.*]

SENIOR, Rev. W.—Our Little Ones ..... *Home Words* Office

[*Chapters on the moral training of children.*]

SKINNER, T.—The London Banks and Kindred Companies, 1895, 10/- Skinner

Sporting Stories and Sketches, by G. G., 6/- ..... Paul

THORNTON, J.—Manual of Bookkeeping for Use of Students, 7/6 Macmillan

VANDAM, A. D.—French Men and French Manners, 10/6, Chapman

[*See p.* 148.]

WAGNER, A. L.—Organisation and Tactics, 21/- ..... Grevel

WILSON-CARMICHAEL, A.—From Sunrise Land ..... Marshall

[*Letters by a lady-missionary in Japan, more rhapsodical than informing, and with many quite irrelevant illustrations. But a book with some character of its own.*]

NEW EDITION.

DAVIES, G. C.—Fishing. Revised by A. Kent, 1/- ..... Dean

[*Practical suggestions for both river and sea fishing, intended for those who have yet to gain their experience.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between June 15th and July 15th, 1895:—

LONDON, E.C.

1. Kidd's Social Evolution. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)
2. Ruskin Reader. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen.)
3. Bessie Costrell. 2s. (Smith, Elder.)
4. Lent in London. 3s. 6d. (Longman.)
5. Pheasant. 5s. (Longman.)
6. Mother Raphael, Life of. 7s. 6d. (Longman.)

LONDON, W.C.

1. Trilby.
2. Conway's Alps from End to End.
3. Gilbert Parker's When Valmond came to Pontiac.
4. George Eliot's Works, new ed.
5. Mrs. H. Ward's Bessie Costrell.
6. Francis Thompson's Sister Songs.

First half of month brisk, last half quiet.

MANCHESTER.

1. Trilby.
2. Huxley's Books.
3. Zola's Love Episode.
4. God and the Car. Anthony Hope.
5. Robertson's Century of French Verse.
6. Zoraida.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Du Maurier: Trilby.
2. Clodd: Story of Primitive Man.
3. Kidd: Social Evolution.
4. Ward: Bessie Costrell.
5. Henry William Crosskey's Life.
6. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.

BRADFORD.

1. Trilby. Osgood. 6s.
2. Story of Bessie Costrell. 2s. (Smith, Elder.)
3. Clodd's Story of Primitive Man. 1s. (Newnes.)
4. God and the Ant.
5. Popular Novels. 6s.

NOTTINGHAM.

1. Trilby.
2. Bessie Costrell.
3. Guides and Maps.
4. Bonnie Brier Bush.

A quiet month.

GLASGOW.

1. Life and Letters of Dr. Cairns. 2nd edition. 14s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. George Eliot's Works. New edition. 2s. 6d. each vol. (Blackwood.)
3. Master of Blantyre. By author of Hedley Vicars. 1s. (Nelson.)
4. Thomas Boston of Ettrick, Life and Times. By Dr. Andrew Thomson. 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)
5. Dies Iræ, the Story of a Spirit. 1s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
6. Chapters from the History of the Free Church. By Dr. Norman Walker. 7s. 6d. (Oliphant & Co.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. 6s. (Osgood.)
2. Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2s. (Smith, Elder.)
3. Driver's Deuteronomy. 12s. (T. & T. Clark.)
4. Mair's Digest of Church Laws. New edition. 9s. net. (Blackwood.)
5. Romanes' (G. J.) Thoughts on Religion. 4s. 6d. (Longmans.)
6. Paget's Books—Studies in the Christian Character and Spirit of Discipline. 6s. 6d. each. (Longmans.)

DUBLIN (1).

1. Climbs in the Alps. Conway.
2. Life of Sir E. B. Hamley.
3. Coleridge. Stopford Brooke.
4. Open-air Studies. Cole.
5. Random Stories. McClintock.
6. Story of Bessie Costrell. Mrs. H. Ward.

DUBLIN (2).

1. Horae Diurnae. New pocket edition. 3s. 6d. (Gill & Son.)
2. Trilby. By Geo. Du Maurier. 6s. (Osgood.)
3. The Means of Grace. By Rev. R. Brennan. 10s. (Benziger.)
4. Lepicier on Indulgences. 10s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)
5. O'Donnell. By Lady Morgan. 2s. 6d. (Downey & Co.)
6. Maureen's Fairing. By Jane Barlow. 2s. 6d. (Dent.)

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TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

(Second-hand.)

It is astonishing, considering the Election and time of year, the high prices that books of a humorous character and first editions generally are now selling at.

LONDON, E.C.

Philip v. Forster, Groom and Co.

In this case Mr. Justice Day, on Tuesday, July 16th, granted the plaintiffs, who are the well-known publishers of 32, Fleet Street, a perpetual injunction restraining the defendants from publishing a copy or colourable imitation of the plaintiff's copyright political chart, known as "Philip's Simplex Chart of Parliamentary Representation."

BIRMINGHAM.

Mr. Geo. C. Neville, late manager of the Leicester branch, has been appointed manager of the Midland Educational Co., Birmingham.

CORK.

Vacation and Election times make business a bit dull. There are not many book-buying tourists as yet.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.
Aird's Old Bachelor (Blackwood), blue cloth, must be quite clean.
Bayne's Lessons from my Masters.
Japp's Three Great Teachers.
Harper's Rambles in Galloway.
McKerlie's Lands and their Owners, 5 vols.
Ramage's Drumlanrig.
Hogg's Life of Dr. Wightman.
Douglas, or the Field of Otterburn.
Soliloquies, by Lady Gordon of Earlston.

J. E. ARNETT, THE LIBRARY, TENBY.
Westwood's Lapidarium Walliæ.
Buffon, Natural History, by Smellie and Chambers, pt. 1, 4to, London, Kelly.
Historical Traditions and Facts relating to Newport, Caerleon, and Monmouth.
Francis' Charters and Materials for a History of Neath.
Wine and Walnuts, vol. 2, 2nd ed., bds.
Red Dragon, vols. 8, no. 3; 9, no. 5; 10, nos. 2 and 6.

BARNICOTT & PEARCE, TAUNTON.
Stephen's Quaker Strongholds.
Mr. Kinglake and the Quarterlies, 1863.
Panharmonicon, 4to, 1814.
Webb's (F.) Sermons and other works.

JAMES BELL, CARLTON ST., NOTTINGHAM.
Mommsen's Roman Provinces, second-hand.
Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians, second-hand.

T. BROWN & CO., 9, RAY STREET, FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.
De Antiquis Ecclesiæ Ritibus, auctore Dom E. Martene, 4 vols., Venetiis, 1748.
Bampton Lectures, by Williamson, 1793; Neve, 1781; Holmes, 1782; Shepherd, 1788; Moysey, 1818; Lancaster, 1831; Nolan, 1833; Jelf (W. E.), 1857.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH STREET, HEREFORD.
Book plates wanted for cash or exchange.
Strand Magazine, vol. 1.
Garbert: Monumentavetus Liturgicæ Allemanica, 2 vols.
Coxe: Cultivators of Fruit Trees in the U.S.A., Philadelphia, 1817.
Kenrick: New American Orchardist, Boston, 1844.
Smith: Parliaments of England, 3 vols., 1844-50.
Flood (E.): Psalmodia Britannica.
Tom Burke, 1st ed., 2 vols.

A. COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.
Maxwell's Narrative, Maitland Club, 1841.
Byron's English Bards, 5th edition.
Sutcliffe, Turco-Papismus (1591.)
" De Presbyteris.
Paracelsus, De Medicamentorum.
Wandering Jew, vol. of plates, 1846.
Bryce, American Commonwealth, 1888.
Froude's Short Studies, 1867-83.
Turner's Liber Studiorum.
Payne Knight's Phallic Worship.
Any similar works.
Moore's Pagan Poems.
Meredith's Modern Love.
Merivale's Romans, 7 vols.
Scotch Rebellion, '45, any works on.
Maid of Orleans, Voltaire.
Burns' Poems, 1786.
Sappho: A Study, 1872.

HENRY DOOLEY, STOCKPORT.
Tel-el-Amarna, by Petrie, Methuen.
Cyrilla, by the Baroness Tautphœus.

GOULDEN & CURRY, 61, HIGH STREET, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.
Wooing o't, 1 vol.
Nellie's Memories, 1 vol.
Not like other Girls, 1 vol.
Only the Governess, 1 vol.
Uncle Max, 1 vol.
Wee Wifie, 1 vol.
Wooed and Married, 1 vol.
Sir Godfrey's Granddaughter, 3 vols.
Misunderstood, 1 vol.
Reid's Practical Sanitation, Griffin.
Second-hand copies in original bindings.

JAGGARD & TAYLOR, 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.
"Arundo" on Fly Fishing.
Froude's England, 8vo, vols. 5, 6.
" English in Ireland, 8vo, vol. 2.
Ralph Norbreck's Trust, 3 vols., novel.
Prince Redcheek, Gale.
Vicar of Wakefield, 1766, vol. 1.
Pauline: A Fragment, 1833.
Any poems or plays dated before 1650.
Poetry for Children, 1809, 2 vols.
Ellison, Man and Nature, 2 vols.
Address to Irish People, 1812, pamphlet.
Refutation of Deism.

W. W. LEAR, 66, SOTHEBY ROAD, HIGHBURY PARK, N.
The Encombe Stories, by H. C. Adams, Warne and Co.

LEDWARD, BIBBY & CO., LIVERPOOL.
Any works, manuscripts, autographs, etc., treating on the history of Mexico, from 1853 to present time.

WM. M. MACKAY, ROYAL ULSTER WORKS, BELFAST.
Omar Khayyám, trans. by Fitzgerald, Macmillan.
Praeterita, vol. 2, chaps. 5, 6, 7.
Hamerton's Loch Awe, and other Poems.
Le Gallienne's My Ladies' Sonnets.
The Portfolio, 1878, in parts or bound.

N. MASSEY, 84, PATRICK STREET, CORK.
Smith's Cork.
" Kerry.
" Waterford,
Ryland's "
Offart's Irish Pedigrees.
Any books in Irish.
O'Donovan's Irish Grammar.
Ossianic Society, vols. 1 and 2, or set.
Initia Graecia, part 1.
Principia Latina, part 1.

MAWSON, SWAN & MORGAN, GREY STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Austin's Garden that I Love.
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Von Sybel's Crusades.
McCaul's Christian Epitaphs of First Six Centuries.
James' (H. J.) School Ideals.
Edmund of the Forest, historical novel, 4 vols., 1797.
Gosse's Literature of North Europe.
Haye's Points of the Horse.
Beauties of Nature, Tauchnitz ed.
Symonds' Renaissance, set.
Thompson's (R. A.) Becket (Paul), 1889.
Gardiner's History, 1603-16, 2 vols., 8vo.
Lear's Book of Nonsense, coloured plates.
Stubbs' Constitutional History, 3 vols., 1880.
Symonds' Italian Literature.
English Fairy Tales, L.P.

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY STREET, BATH.
Army List: 1790 to 1796, 1799, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1825, 1828, 1829.
Curtis' Botanical Magazine, 3rd series, vol. 8 (1852), vol. 9 (1853), vol. 13 (1857.)
Book Plate of Wm. Belcher, several, cheap.
Last (The) Man, 2 vols., 1806.
Dante, trans. by D. Johnston, Bath, 1867-68.
Geraldine, a Tale of Conscience, 12mo, Dulman and Co.
Moore's Pillar Stones of Scotland.
Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Gil Blas, 2 vols.
Waller's Names on the Gates of Pearl, 1853.
Church Quarterly Review, April, 1894.
Ellacombe's History of Bitton.
Byron's Prisoner of Chillon, notes by Davis, Simpkin, Marshall and Co.
Jenk's (Benj.) Submission to the Righteousness of God.
Freeman's Norman Conquest, 6 vols., 8vo, or vols. 1, 2.
St. Pierre (B. de) La Chaumiere Indienne, 1838.
Parr (Rev. R. H.), The Path of the Just, and other Sermons, 1886.
All Year Round, vols. 36, 59.
Appleton's Journal, vol. 18.
Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, vol. 48.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL CO., LD., LEAMINGTON SPA.
Lillywhite's Cricketer's Annual, 1881 and 1884.
On the Box Seat, by J. J. Hissey.
Books by C. H. Ross, any.
Obiter Dicta, first series.
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PARRY & CO., 20, MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.
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Hallam's Literary History, vol. 2, 1873.
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Tomahawk, vol. 5 or part 124.
Hubback's Succession to Property.
Mrs. Brown (Sketchly).
Bentley's Miscellany, vols. 3, 5.
Bencke's Insurance.
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Mummery and Hobson, Physics of Industry.
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" Interiors.

ROBSON & CO., 23, COVENTRY STREET, W.
C. Lamb and Lloyd, Blank Verse, 1st ed., uncut.
Ward (Mrs. H.): Miss Bretherton, 1st ed., fine copy.
Thackeray, Drawings or MSS by.
National Standard, 1833, vol. 2.
Constitutional and Public Ledger.
Print of 42nd Highlanders, dated 1799.
Lever: A Rent in a Cloud, 1st ed.
Handley Cross, last 5 parts.
Lever: One of Them, last 5 parts.
Kastner (G.): Works on Music.

FRANK SALMON, 6, HIGH ST., SYDENHAM.
Principles of Logic, by Bradley, Kegan Paul.

W. H. SMITH, PUBLIC FREE LIBRARY, DEWSBURY.
Ruskin's Harbours of England, large paper copy.
Juvenal, etc., trans. by the Rev. M. Maden, 2 vols.
Dewsbury and District: pamphlets printed or published in, or that refer to.
Times (unbound) for 1890 and 1891.

T. SMYTH, 35, QUEEN STREET, BELFAST.
Bookworm (Stock), nos. 37, 38, 50, and 52.
" Berjean, vol. 1.
Walker's Irish Bards, vol. 2, 2nd edition.
Stokes' Early Irish Architecture.
Dublin Penny Illustrated, vol. 3.
Pope's Homer's Iliad, 6 vols., vol. 5, 1760.
Life of Mdme. Vestris, large paper, "Reader."
" Mrs. Jordan, " "

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Peter Simple, vol. 1, 1836.
Jefferies' Restless Human Heart, vol. 1, 1875.
Browning: Ring and the Book, vol. 2, 1868.
" Bells and Pomegranates, parts 5 and 6.

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Count Segur's Memoirs, vols. 3 to end, Colburn, 1825.
Bunsen's Egypt, vols. 4 and 5.

W. H. TICKELL, 61, BLESSINGTON ROAD, LEWISHAM, S.E.
Pall Mall Magazine, Nos. 7 to 12.
English Hist. Review, parts 10 and 38.
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Joan of Arc, Memoirs of her, translated by W. H. Ireland, 2 vols., 1824.

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